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## FURS AND THE FUR-TRADE.

OF all mechanical industries, that of fashioning the skins of animals into human clothing is the oldest. In all countries where the temperature falls in any portion of the year to fifty degrees Fahrenheit or below, the earliest clothing of the inhabitants is found to have been the skin of some animal indigenous to the country, and,

of Adam, was, as all his surroundings testify, clad in the skin of the sheep, the goat, or some of the wild-beasts of the forest.

The dwellers within the Arctic Circle have utilized, from time immemorial, the skins of the seal, the sea-otter, the polar bear, the arctic fox, and other fur-bearing animals of the land or sea. In the



BRINGING FURS DOWN THE NORTH MISSOURI.

where there were such, some of the fur or wool bearing animals were always preferred. When the decree went forth for the expulsion of our first parents from the genial climate of Eden, the Creator in His pity for their exposure to the keen winds and fierce colds of the Caucasian mountains, as well as to the thorns and briers of the forest, clad them in garments made of the skins of animals. The prehistoric man, whether his period of existence was anterior or posterior to that

northern limits of the temperate zone, the garments, from the remotest periods of half-civilized or savage tribes, have been oftenest of sheep or goat skin, the wool or hair being worn outside. Such was the clothing of those rude savage hordes which, in the days of Rome's decadence, swooped down upon her, like wolves upon their prey; such was and is the clothing of the Russian peasant, the Tartar tribes of Siberia, Soongaria, Mantchooria, and Toorkistan. In the south tem-

perate zone we find the Bushmen, Hottentots, and Kaffres of South Africa, the Patagonians and Araucanians of South America, and the Maoris of New Zealand, all clad in the sheepskin cloak or robe. What is more surprising is, that many of the savage tribes of Central and South Central Africa also wear the *kaross*, or sheepskin cloak.

Reverting now to the earlier ages, we find that, apart from this rude use of the skins of fur and wool bearing animals, there grew up very early a use of the finer and more beautiful furs for purposes of ornament and luxury. Various allusions in the Pentateuch, and in the works of the earliest Greek writers, indicate this. The badgers' skins and the rams' skins dyed red, which were used for the adornment of the tabernacle in the wilderness, are among the first instances of the decorative use of furs. The Assyrian sheep, which was the breed a variety of which the Israelites first brought into Egypt, and had now driven out thence, was remarkable for the beauty of its fleece; and the skins of this sheep, with the wool dyed the brilliant scarlet of the Oriental countries, was a desirable and elegant ornament to this

The sable was not known in Europe till many centuries later, but in the fourth century of our era the fur of the beaver (then known as the Pontic dog), the ermine, the seal, and several species of fox, was in great demand. The northern countries were found to be very rich in furs, and during the middle ages they became fashionable articles of luxury all over Europe. Early attempts were made to enhance their beauty by the dyer's art, and in the twelfth century they were almost universally dyed with a brilliant red color. In the wars with the Saracens the Christian princes acquired habits of luxury, and their dresses were largely adorned with the costliest furs. On their return to their own countries these luxurious habits were introduced by their followers to such an extent that they were likely to ruin the nation. To prevent this disaster, Richard I. of England, and Philip II. of France, decreed, about A. D. 1200, that neither they nor their subjects should wear costly furs. These decrees do not seem to have bound their successors, for, in the thirteenth century, Louis IX. wore a surcoat lined with the skins of seven hundred and forty-six ermines; and, shocked



INDIANS CATCHING MUSK-RATS.

remarkable moving temple, setting off by its gorgeous hues the abundant gold which formed its other decoration.

The costly furs of some animal, probably either the sable or sea-otter, formed a part of the luxurious coverings of couches in the famed palace of Sardanapalus. Herodotus speaks of the inhabitants of the shores of the Caspian Sea as being clad in the rich fur of the seal, and Elianus and Plutarch both speak of the fine fur of the Pontic mouse (believed to be the ermine), which made warm and beautiful dresses, and was used as the covering of couches in the palace of Pharnabazus. Both the Chinese and Japanese have made use of furs as articles of luxury for at least twenty-five hundred years, and the former are admirable connoisseurs of their qualities. With both nations they are rather articles of luxury than of necessity, and the Mandarin robes of ermine, sable, and fiery fox furs are remarkable for their beauty.

During the decline of the Roman empire the use of furs as articles of luxury was very general among the effeminate Roman aristocracy.

with his own extravagance, renewed the prohibitory decree. The use of particular kinds of the choicer furs was about this time restricted to certain noble families, who were privileged to insert figures of the animals producing them into their armorial bearings. Thus the ermine, the sable, the Hungarian squirrel, and the fiery fox, came to find a place on the coats-of-arms of some of the higher aristocracy of Continental Europe. This use of these furs by royal and princely houses of Europe was borrowed from the customs of the half-civilized princes of Central and Eastern Asia, and not copied by them, as some have supposed.

The supply of furs was brought from the north and northeast of Europe, and from Siberia, for many centuries. The Baltic ports were long the great depots of the fur-trade, receiving them from Livonia, Sweden, Norway, Northern and Northeastern Russia, and the more distant Siberian settlements, whence they were brought by caravans to the great market-towns of Moscow and Nishni-Novgorod.

The discovery of the American Continent soon changed the current

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of the fur-trade; and, though Russia and Siberia still furnished many of the choicest furs, the American furs were so abundant and many of them of such excellent quality, that Amsterdam and London speedily became the great marts for the fur-trade. Amsterdam eventually relinquished most of this traffic to its insular rival, and to the present day London has retained its preëminence as the greatest fur-market in the world. It would be difficult to determine how many of the early settlements of North America were made on account of their facilities for the traffic in furs. We know that New Amsterdam was originally only a trading-station of the Dutch East-India Company, and its trade was almost wholly in beaver and other peltries; we know that Albany was originally called Beaverwyck, i. e., Beaver-town, from the great abundance of beaver-skins there obtained; that Montreal, and Quebec, Mackinaw, Detroit, Kaskaskia, and, later, St. Louis, were all established at first as fur-trading settlements, and that Plymouth and Boston, Saco, Portsmouth, and Providence, were about equally indebted to the fur-trade and the fisheries for their early growth. The greater part of the Dominion of Canada, and the whole of the Hudson's Bay Territory, as well as much of British Columbia, our newly-acquired Territory of Alaska, and the coast settlements of Oregon and Washington Territory, and the early trading-stations of the old Northwest Territory, embracing part of Illinois, Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, and Dakota, as well as much of Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, and Wyoming, owe their first exploitation, and in a great measure their primal settlement, to the fur-trade. The hardy trappers and hunters, inured to the greatest hardships in their pursuit of the fur-bearing animals, were the only men who knew much of the country, and their skill as guides and explorers led often to those discoveries of the precious metals which have made the rapid growth of these new countries one of the miracles of our day.

After the Dutch, or perhaps we should say contemporaneously with them, the French were the most active and enterprising of the early fur-traders. Mingling freely with their Indian allies in the chase and trapping of animals, and possessing a skill in displaying the cheap and showy gewgaws which attracted the attention and cupidity of the Indians, which made them the best salesmen in the world, and understanding how to flatter the vanity of the squaws, who possessed much influence in regard to the collecting and selling of the furs, they soon acquired a superiority in this traffic, which they have always maintained, and to this day the half-breed *voyageurs* and *courriers du bois*, hardy, reckless braggarts and vagabonds as they are, are indispensable to any great enterprise in the fur-traffic. They rarely or never become rich, and indeed generally live from hand to mouth; but their readiness to endure hardship and privation, their knowledge of woodcraft, their rollicking cheerfulness and good-humor, and their fondness for telling the most wonderful stories, make them invaluable in a trapping expedition. When the French colonies in North America were with a few exceptions transferred to Great Britain, and the Hudson's Bay Company, chartered in 1660, took possession of the great Northern hunting-grounds, they took these reckless, lawless *voyageurs* into their employ; and, though they have occasionally had troubles with them, yet much of their very great success was due to the activity and enterprise of these half-breed hunters and trappers.

The Hudson's Bay Company had for a hundred years an almost complete monopoly of the traffic in furs, and its directors and managers made colossal fortunes in it. The Canadians were jealous of the exclusive privileges and almost absolute power of this great corporation, and in the latter part of the last century established a rival organization, under the name of the Northwest Company. Having their headquarters at Montreal and the directors being men of great energy and enterprise, they boldly pushed westward and northward, and soon penetrated to the Pacific coast, and established factories there in 1805. About this time, they made their headquarters at Fort William at the mouth of Pigeon River, on the north shore of Lake Superior. In 1808, Mr. John Jacob Astor, who had already amassed a fortune in the fur-trade, in which he had been engaged for more than twenty-five years, determined upon the largest enterprise which thus far had ever been undertaken by a single individual. Associating with himself a number of experienced traders, mostly from the Northwest Company, he proposed to establish the "American Fur Company," a chartered corporation, with a capital of one million dollars, and the privilege of increasing it to two millions. This capital he would furnish, and his plan was to establish trading-posts across the continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, and to found a

depot for furs, at the mouth of the Columbia River in Oregon, whence he might supply the Chinese and Indian markets directly, instead of by way of London, which was then the course of trade. He first made proposals to the Northwest Company to join with them in the enterprise, but they declined, and at the same time sought to forestall him in his undertaking. Reorganizing, on their declination, he named his new association the "Pacific Fur Company," and started two expeditions; one by ship, by way of Cape Horn, the other by Montreal, Mackinaw, St. Louis, and the Missouri River, to meet at the mouth of the Columbia. It was characteristic of this eminent merchant that, in laying his plans for this great enterprise, he had made his calculations that the first ten years would be years of outlay only, without any immediate return; that the second ten years would not yield profitable returns; but, after that, he thought he might hope for an annual net result of about one million of dollars. After some serious misfortunes, the enterprise was in a fair way to succeed, when, by the treachery of his resident partner, in October, 1813, it was transferred to the Northwest Company, at a merely nominal price, on the plea that the British cruisers would capture it, as the United States were then at war with Great Britain. After this, Mr. Astor confined his fur-trading to the region east of the Rocky Mountains, and for many years a profitable business was conducted by himself and his partner and successor, Mr. Ramsay Crooks.

The fur-trade was conducted at St. Louis by French merchants, originally from New Orleans, from 1763 to 1859. The founders of this great trading establishment were Laclède, Maxon & Co., and the brothers Auguste and Pierre Chouteau were soon connected with it, and up to 1808 their business was very large, employing great numbers of *voyageurs* and trappers. In that year the Chouteaus, with several other associates, formed the Missouri Fur Company, which was very prosperous until the War of 1812, when it was dissolved, and several of its members conducted the business subsequently independently. In 1827, the Rocky Mountain Fur Company of St. Louis was formed, and for some years did an extensive business, their trappers going to the Pacific coast. Such were the perils attendant upon the trapping at this time, that two-fifths of all the men employed lost their lives in the service; yet such were its fascinations that there was no lack of applicants for the vacant places. The warlike and savage Indian tribes, who looked with jealousy upon the trapper's success, the fierce animals with which he had to contend, and the deep snows and long droughts, made his life full of dangers; but the exhilarating influence of the open air, the romantic and thrilling adventures with which he met, and, above all, the perfect freedom from restraint or law, were sufficiently attractive to make him willing to encounter the perils.

Pierre Chouteau, Jr., who had been associated with his father and relatives in the fur business from boyhood, was from 1834 to 1859 the leading member of the last firm of the great fur-traders of the United States, and during nearly the whole of that time the firm of Pierre Chouteau, Jr. & Co. was familiar as a household word to the trappers and hunters from the Mississippi and the great lakes to the Pacific. In 1859, Mr. Chouteau sold out his establishment to Martin and Francis Bates, of St. Louis and New York, who still conduct the business, but on a less extensive scale than formerly. Indeed, the whole business of trading and dealing in furs has greatly declined, not, perhaps, in the quantity of furs so much as in the daring and adventure necessary to obtain them, and the greater diffusion of the business in the hands of individuals. The Northwest Company was consolidated with the Hudson's Bay Company in 1821, and the two continued together till the expiration of their license in 1859. Since that time they have been winding up their affairs, and the great corporation has virtually ceased to exist.

The Russian American Fur Company transferred its properties with those of the Russian Government to the United States in 1867, and though an organization has been incorporated in San Francisco to take and deal in the furs of the Alaska seal and other animals, yet the terms on which they have made the contract with the government are so ruinously low that, shipping their furs, as they must, to England, there will remain little or no margin for profit. Till within a few years past, the furs from all parts of the continent came to New York, and were either shipped hence to England and Germany, or distributed after manufacture to the various cities of the country. With the exception of a few of the furs of the smaller animals consumed by the local dealers, the business was in so few hands that the



great fur-merchant from his office in New York could, as late as 1856, state with wonderful precision the number of skins in the market in March and September, and predict with almost absolute certainty how many could safely be imported. Now, the furs are sold and made up at twenty or more points in the North and West; and with each year London and Leipsic are becoming the best markets even for furs of American growth.

It is not impossible that another change may occur in a few years, and San Francisco, from its proximity to the finest fur-producing countries in the world, Ochotsk, Kamtchatka, the Amoor region, Alaska, and British Columbia, may become the great fur-mart of the world.

Fashion has much to do, not only with the wearing of furs in the abstract, but in deciding what kinds of furs shall be worn. In cold countries, the northern limits of the north temperate zone, and the southern limits of the south temperate zone, the wearing of furs is a matter of necessity, and there is very little change from generation to generation. The Russian noble wears his sables and ermines, his bear-skin cap, and his wolf-skin robes; the peasant is clad in his sheepskin cloak, and his coat trimmed with raccoon, rabbit, or squirrelskins, and, what both now wear, their ancestors for many generations have worn. It is true that these costly furs of the nobles are articles of luxury as well as of necessity; but the necessity dominates, and in some measure compels a uniformity, which would not otherwise be found.

In more temperate climates, this law of uniformity does not prevail. For five or six years, perhaps, furs will be but little worn; the heavy shawl, the beaver or velvet cloak, or some other warm wrapping, will supply their place, and, except among those families where costly furs are an heir-loom, you will scarcely see a lady clad in furs on the streets. Anon Fashion lifts her wand, and all is changed. Now it is not merely the boa, or the small fur collar and the tiny muff, that protect the fair ones suddenly grown so delicate. Ample cloaks of fur, and this of costly kinds, enwrap the form; huge muffs of lynx or wolf or bear skin protect the hands, and fur cuffs and fur-trimmed gauntlets reach nearly to the elbow. The cap or hood and dainty boot are trimmed with fur, till, in her mountain of furs, the fair lady reminds you of the pictured Lapps and Finns of your early story-books.

Soon there comes another change. It is found that the climate is not so severe as it had been thought, and collars and boas take the

place of the fur cloak; the muff, which erst was as large as a butter-firkin, dwindles to the size of a dinner-pail, and the cuffs and fur-gauntlets, the fur-trimmed hood and shoes, are discarded.

With such a reduction in the size of the furs, is there a corresponding decline in the price of these costly decorations? How absurd the question! Have you not learned, O Benedict! by years of sad experience, that the smaller your wife's bonnet, the greater the price? and if bonnets, why not furs? You should bear in mind also, that,

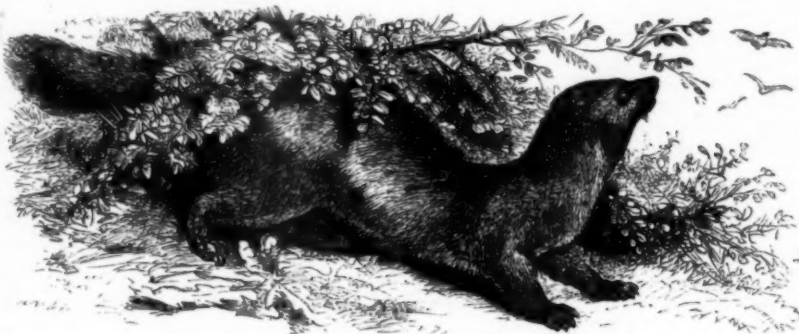
though the fur cloaks were comparatively costly, yet it is only in the delicate boa, or collar, or tiny muff, that those precious Russian sables, so dark and rich, that a dozen of them would pay a king's ransom, can be used to advantage. A set of these,

so small that, but for the fear of injuring them, you could slip them into your pocket with ease, will be reckoned cheap at nine hundred or a thousand dollars. The form and fashion of these furs may change; but the Russia sable of the finest quality is always intrinsically valuable.

The number who can afford these costliest furs is, after all, comparatively small. The largest house in the fur-trade in this city, and one which, from its long standing and high character, secures the largest share of the trade, states that not more than twenty or thirty sets of the richest sables are sold from its shelves in a year. There are, of course, lower grades of the Russian sables and the Hudson's Bay sables, and the best grades of mink, which, though less in price, are still of tasteful appearance, and sufficiently expensive to satisfy any but the wealthiest.

But for this class of customers fashion is more fickle as well as more exacting. Their position in society is not so thoroughly defined that they can be sure of it, and too often they fall into the error of attempting to confirm it by startling and strongly-marked novelties in dress or equipage. In the matter of furs, while there are many

novelties sure to be adopted by the class of which we speak, few or none of them violate good taste by offensive display. Something was evidently required, decidedly different from the ordinary round of the finer furs; and for a time it seemed to have been found in the varieties of what are popularly known as the Astrakhan furs. These, worn only in some of the forms of cloaks, sacques, basques, or jackets, are all of sheep or lamb skin, with the wool variously dressed. Let us be understood. These are not the skins of our American sheep or lambs, but of the Assyrian or Siberian sheep and lambs, a peculiar variety. If



SABLE.



JAPANESE SABLE.



not a distinct species. The pelt of these animals, while presenting some of the characteristics of wool, and especially curling very tightly, has also an undercoating of fur in the finer qualities, gradually passing into hair in the poorer. It is said that the best of the Astrakhan furs, which have a glossy appearance, and look not unlike a rich velvet which has been laid in patches by water, derive this peculiarity from the animal being sewed up in a leather jacket while living. The choicest by far of these Astrakhan furs is that obtained from the still-born or fetal lambs, the markings of which resemble the richest moire-antique silk (to which, indeed, it is said to have furnished the pattern), while its texture is more like that of a heavy velvet. These are, of course, very rare and costly.

The fur of the seal has long been worn for collars and trimmings of gentlemen's coats and wrappings as well as for caps and gloves; but, except for the trimmings of bonnets or hoods and shoes, it has not until recently in this country been reckoned among the furs for women's wear. In England and on the Continent of Europe it has long been considered one of the most delicate and desirable of furs for garments. Within a year or two past, and largely through the influence of the great fur-dealing house of Gunther's Sons, it has been widely introduced here; and the seal-skin sacques, basques, and jackets, now in use, are certainly very becoming and beautiful. The natural color of the seal-fur is a pale and rather muddy straw-color; treated with aqua-fortis, it becomes a rich, golden yellow, and many prefer to wear it of this shade. By far the larger part of the seal-skin jackets are, however, dyed in England, of a dark-hazel shade, verging toward a dark maroon. The English dyers of furs are the most skillful in the world, imparting to their goods a rich, lustrous tint, which is alike permanent and beautiful. The prices of these jackets, or basques, which are of various patterns, and substantially and elegantly lined either with fur, silk, or satin, range from eighty-five to a hundred and sixty-five dollars. For those who seek for greater elegance in these furs, there are sets inlaid in a rich arabesque border, with small slips of the undyed fur, their light-golden shade setting off with great beauty the dark tints of the garment. These are, of course, far more costly. The complete seal-skin set comprises the jacket, muff, boa, cap, and gloves.

The demand for seal-furs has led to the preparation of imitation seal-jackets made of cheaper furs, either the rabbit or the musk-rat, both of which, when dyed and properly dressed, resemble the seal-fur, but lack its durability. Other of the low-priced furs, such as the muskrat, badger, wild and domestic cat, fox—of the more common species—lynx, common marten,



ARCTIC FOX.

finest specimens of that fur. As a general rule, dyed furs, always excepting the seal, are not durable, and, though looking well enough at first, soon fade, and have a frowzy and forlorn appearance.

The skins of the buffalo, arctic, grizzly, and brown bear, wolf, fox, lynx, wild-cat, badger, and raccoon, are mostly used here for carriage robes and blankets, and many of them are attractive and elegant when thus manufactured. To some extent the skins of the lion, tiger, cougar, or panther, and jaguar, are used for the same purposes. In Germany and Russia the skins of the raccoon are in great demand for lining and trimming the coats of men of the middle classes. The fur of the silver fox, the rarest and most beautiful of all the fox-tribe, is much more in demand in Europe than here, being the favorite wear there of the higher nobility. The cross-fox, an inferior grade, so far as beauty is concerned, is in considerable demand for the finest description of carriage-robes.

Each country or grand division of the globe has its peculiar furs, and, while all have their use in the country where they are native, they must possess extraordinary beauty or other good qualities to insure any considerable demand for them in other countries. Our fur-dealers import from London and Leipzig many skins of American animals, because those being the great fur-markets of the world, they can obtain a greater assortment and of better quality there than elsewhere; but of fur-bearing animals, natives of other countries than our own, the only skins purchased are those of the sable, the ermine, the pine and stone marten, the fitch, and, from South America, the chinchilla and the coypou, whose skin furnishes the nutria of commerce.

It is not our purpose to make this article a treatise on natural history, even of fur-bearing animals, and we shall therefore content ourselves with very brief notes concerning the principal animals which

furnish these luxuries. It is somewhat remarkable that all the choicest furs for ladies' use come from one family of animals, and those so small as to be almost insignificant. The sable, the ermine, the Kolinski, the Hudson's-Bay sable,



PINE MARTEN.

the mink, the otter, the pine, stone, and fitch marten, and the fisher, which, among them, comprise all the varieties which have been or are now reckoned among the best ladies' furs, all belong to the marten or weasel family, and most of them to the genus *Mustela*; all have

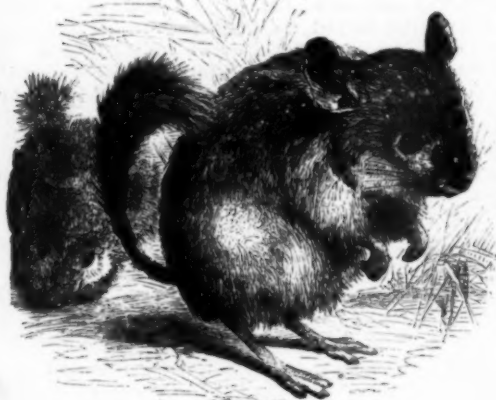


MINK.

a striking family-resemblance. Of some of these we give engravings. Though now placed, by naturalists, in a separate genus, of which it is the only known species, the American skunk (*Mephitis Americana*), like its European cousin, the polecat, or fitch-marten, is unquestionably a member of the marten or weasel family.

The martens are all distinguished by long, slender bodies, short legs, and a bushy tail. They are generally omnivorous, and vegetables, berries, eggs, poultry, birds, squirrels, hares, mice, etc., are equally welcome to them. The ermine, under its local name of *stoat*, is a very common animal, and not at all a favorite, in England, from its ravages among the poultry and small birds; but its coat is there less brilliantly white and beautiful than in colder climates. Its fur is only to be procured in perfection in the northern portions of Sweden, Norway, Russia, and Siberia.

The Russian or Siberian sable, though found over a wide extent of territory, attains its greatest beauty only in Okhotsk or Yakootsk, Kamchatka, and Russian Lapland, and the entire collection of marketable sable-skins of a single year rarely exceeds twelve or fifteen thousand. Of these, not more than eight or ten per cent. are really



CHINCHILLA.

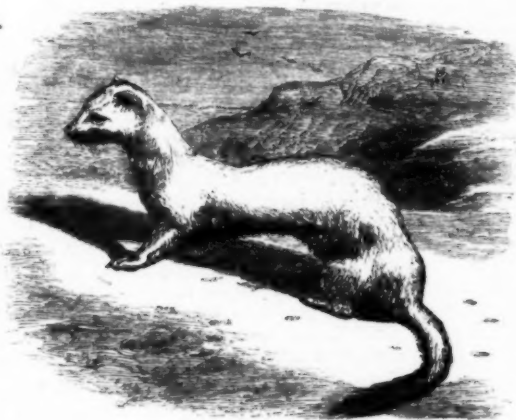
first class. The ermine is much more numerous, the annual supply of skins being estimated by the Leipzig dealers at four hundred thousand. The Hudson's-Bay sable is moderately plentiful, not far from two hundred thousand being taken annually. The Kolinsky or Tartar

sable furnishes not more than seventy or eighty thousand skins, nearly all of which are used in England. The pine and stone marten are collected in quantities varying from one hundred and eighty to three hundred thousand per annum. The fitch-marten is more plentiful, five hundred or six hundred thousand being taken in a year.

The mink, which has averaged about two hundred and fifty thousand for some years, though not diminishing in quantity, has deteriorated in quality, too many of the very young animals having been taken. The fisher is a shy animal, not prolific, and but rarely caught. From eight to ten thousand are caught annually. The skunk, as its fur becomes in greater demand, is caught in constantly-increasing numbers. In 1856, only about twelve thousand were reported: in 1864, one hundred thousand; and, at the present time, probably not less than one hundred and fifty thousand are taken in a year. Of the otter, probably not far from forty thousand are taken.

Next in importance among the dress-furs is now the seal, of which the annual catch is not far from one million, of which probably one-sixth may be fur-seals.

Of the dress-furs, procured from animals not of the marten family, those of the musk-rat, hare, rabbit, squirrel, cat, chinchilla, and coypou, or nutria, are the most important. The musk-rat is allied to the beaver, indeed is a copy of the beaver on a small scale—being, like him, amphibious. His fur is fine and soft, but is protected from the



STOAT.

water by an outer coat of long, coarse, and shining hair. It resembles the mink-fur in quality; but its color is inferior, and, unless dyed, not desirable. From three to four millions of muskrat-skins are taken annually. The coypou is a water-rat, found in great numbers in the La Plata region in South America. Its fur is short, fine, and silky, and very similar to that of the beaver, and, like that, is largely used for the manufacture of hats and caps. Mr. Lomer estimates that three million are taken annually.

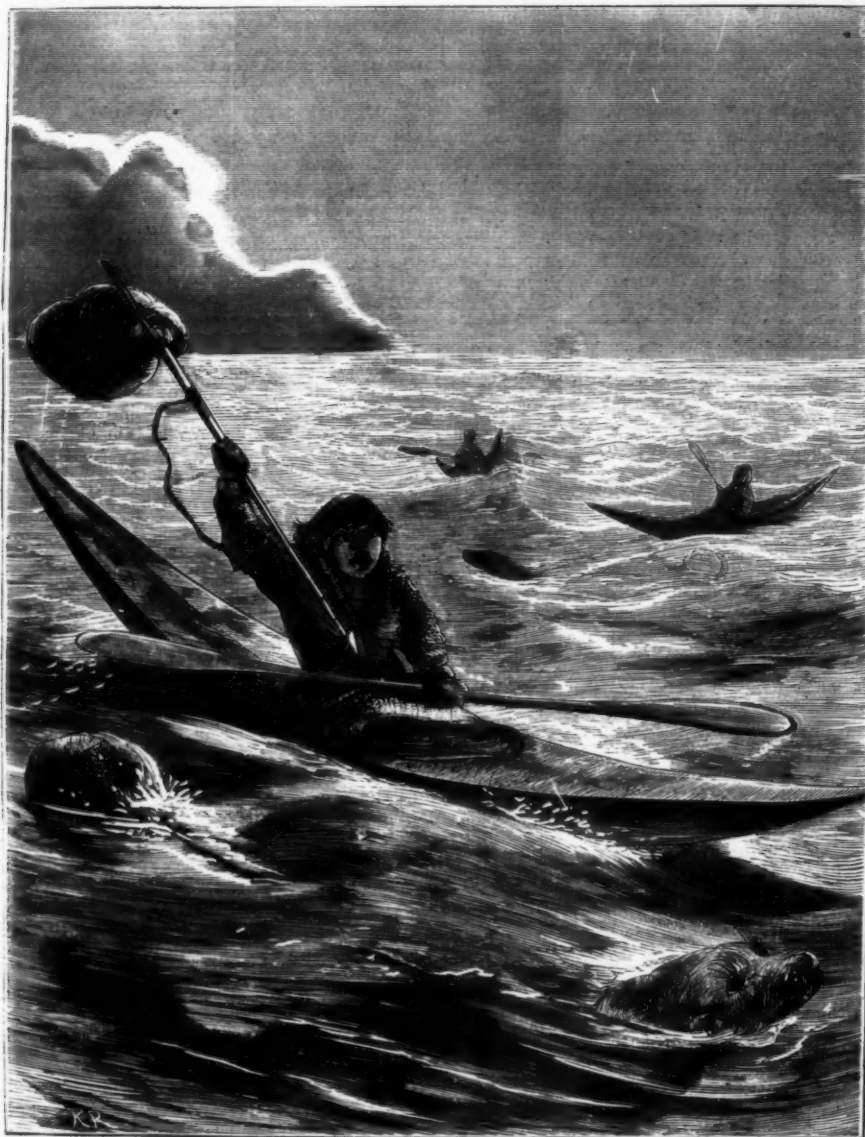
The chinchilla is a beautiful little animal belonging to the jerboa or jumping-mouse genus. It is a native of Chili and the trans-Andean region in South America. Not more than one hundred thousand are sent to market annually. The other animals, named above, are too well known to need description. Of the hare, rabbit, and squirrel, it is estimated that from four to seven million each are sacrificed annually for their fur, and of the domestic cat about one million.

The number of lamb-skins, mostly of the Assyrian, Siberian, or Tartar varieties, used, was estimated by Mr. Lomer at three million and thirty thousand, in 1864. This is exclusive of the sheepskin cloaks or jackets of the Russian peasantry.

The fox-tribe, numerous as they are, and beautiful as is the fur of some of them, do not figure so largely in the grand aggregate as might be supposed. The common red fox is considerably plentiful, the pelts of this species being reckoned at three hundred and thirty thousand; but the silver-fox skins numbered but two thousand in 1864, the cross-fox but ten thousand, the blue fox but six thousand five hundred, the white fox sixty-five thousand, the gray fox twenty-five thousand, and the kit-fox forty thousand. The bear, and his con-

genera, the raccoon and the badger, are of considerable importance; the black and brown bears are the kinds oftenest taken, though the arctic, or white bear, and the grizzly, are accounted far the most valuable. About twenty thousand bear-skins are annually thrown upon the market, fifty-five thousand badger-skins, and from five to six hundred thousand raccoon-skins. The wolf, lynx, wild-cat, and wolverene, are not increasing in numbers. Of the wolf, about twenty-five thousand are annually sold, nearly half of them from

The Indian tribes of the Northwest now divide with the professed hunters and trappers the business of collecting the skins of the fur-bearing animals for the markets, and they are brought in in small quantities and bartered mostly for trinkets, fire-arms, blankets, and intoxicating liquors. On the Yukon, in Alaska, the Upper Missouri, the Snake, Lewis, and Frazer Rivers, and the numerous streams of the Red-River country, the canoes of the Indians, sometimes heavily laden with furs, and the larger boats of the *voyageurs* and trappers,



ESKIMAUX SPEARING SEALS.

North America; of the lynx, perhaps fifty thousand; and of the wild-cat, or, as it is sometimes called, the bay lynx, eight or ten thousand. The number of wolverenes is small, not exceeding three or four thousand.

The buffalo, or, more properly, the bison, is hunted most relentlessly, more for sport than for his skin, and cannot fail to become extinct within the present century. The annual number of buffalo-skins, procured in 1856, was more than one hundred thousand; in 1864 it had dwindled to sixty thousand, and is now probably not over forty-five thousand.

may be seen floating down with the current, bearing their precious burdens, the results of many months of toil, hardship, and exposure, to one of the fur-markets, which are now so abundant in that region. But the cargo once sold, its proceeds are squandered often in a less number of days than it had taken months to gather the furs.

The skins thus collected have been merely stretched and dried by the captors, or possibly a solution of alum applied to the flesh-side. If stored, they are now strewed with camphor, protected from dampness, and every few weeks carefully beaten with a stick. When they are to be dressed for making up into muffs, capes, collars, or garments, they



are placed in tubs, together with a quantity of rancid butter, and are then trampled by the bare feet of men, until the pelt is softened and partially tanned. They are next scraped on the flesh-side with a strip of iron, to remove the portions of flesh or cellular tissue which have adhered to the skin, and the grease is removed by trampling them very thoroughly with a mixture of fine sawdust, that of mahogany, lignum-vitæ, or some other hard wood, and they are repeatedly beaten, and the fur combed out. They are now ready for cutting out and making up in the various patterns of collars, boas, muffs, jackets, caps, etc. This is a matter requiring great skill and calculation. By cutting the skins in narrow strips, and carefully matching the smallest pieces, it is possible to make three skins of the sable, Hudson's-Bay sable, mink, or other choice fur, do the work of four or even of five, and the garment, collar, or muff, retain as good an appearance, or nearly so, as if the larger number of skins had been used. The temptation to do this is strong, as the savings by this economy are large, and the seams, being covered by the linings are, if well sewed, not to be detected by the purchaser. The adoption of this method of making up is, however, very unfair to the purchaser. Most purchasers of costly furs desire to retain them in use for many years, and, as the styles change, they require to be made over to suit the prevailing fashion. Where the furs have been made up in the way we have indicated, these changes are almost, and often entirely, impossible. Again, if a want of care is shown in the selection of the skins, and they are imperfectly dressed, hard in the pelt, badly cut, and poorly sewed, the goods may be palmed off, on an uncritical customer, as first class; but they will be practically worthless.

Where the purchaser is so thoroughly at the mercy of the seller as in the traffic in these commodities, the character of the dealer and his reputation for integrity, strict honesty, and fair dealing, must be the only sufficient guaranties against fraud and deception. There are houses in the fur-trade, old and long established (we know of one such), who have wisely preferred a reputation for caring for their customers' interests as they would for their own, to the larger but less honorable gains to be acquired by sharp practice and misrepresentation. Such a house will, as far as possible, avoid cutting up their choice skins; they will content themselves with making fewer articles out of a dozen, and thus serving their customers better; and in all their work they will secure the utmost care and perfection, both in the dressing and making up of their goods. This thoughtfulness for the interests of others has its reward in due season, and it is not surprising that the house to which we refer \* has, by assiduous attention to business and integrity in dealing, come to be the leading house in the United States in the trade in manufactured furs. Their transactions extend over two continents, and whatever is choicest in the way of furs, adapted to the American market, is most likely to be purchased by them, and manufactured for and sold to their customers.

The proper care and preservation of furs is a topic worthy of consideration. The fur-moth is the great destroyer of furs, and this grub, hatched from the egg of the moth-miller, a small, cream-colored butterfly, finds its food not in the fur, but in the pelt itself, and is most apt to make its resting-place where the skins have been imperfectly dressed. Its shroud is, indeed, spun of the fur, but only after the skin has been perforated by the grub. For the purpose of avoiding the ravages of this pestilent little destroyer, various methods are adopted. Furs thoroughly beaten, and then put away in a camphor-wood trunk, or in a cedar-wood box, or with powdered cedar or sandal-wood, or camphor or tobacco, will usually be sufficiently protected; but the frequent beating of the furs is a necessity. Most of the largest fur-dealers receive the choice furs of their customers and keep them through the hot season, guaranteeing their protection for a trifling sum. Where they are properly dressed and carefully handled, they are much less liable to destruction from moths or worms, since these find little sustenance in them. There are in New York, as in other large cities, many choice furs, heirlooms of former generations, forty, fifty, seventy-five, and some even one hundred years old, which still retain much of their original beauty and fineness.

With a few words on the æsthetics of furs, we finish our article. Arbitrary and apparently senseless as are many of the mandates of Fashion, there underlies them a higher law in regard to the materials of dress, which has its origin deep down in the cultivated instincts of our nature. The use of the skins of fur or wool bearing animals for

clothing as a protection against cold is a dictate of the instinct, alike with the savage and the civilized man; but why, except from some innate germs of taste for the beautiful, of which perhaps the possessor was himself unconscious, should the skins of a family of small animals, not remarkably plentiful, and not particularly obnoxious, either by their ferocity or their predatory habits, have been selected in preference to all others throughout the Northern Hemisphere? The furs of the marten or weasel family are not more beautiful intrinsically than those of some of the rarer species of the fox; they are not so delicate as that of the seal; nor so effectual a protection against cold as those of the great wolf, the arctic bear, or the grizzly. What, then, is the secret of their selection? This only apparently: that their colors—the black and brown of the sable, the American martens and the mink, the white tipped with black of the ermine, and the positive black of the so-called black marten—harmonized and contrasted with the fair complexions and the golden or brown hair of our Northern races more effectively than any other shades. With the black hair and tawny skins of the nations of Eastern and Southeastern Asia, the reddish hues of the red or preferably those of the fiery or Podolian fox afforded a more appropriate contrast, and hence the fur of those animals, but slightly esteemed here, is in great demand there. The black races of Southern Africa and Australia will have no neutral tints; for them positive white, like that of the sheepskins with their pure wool when first subjected to use, or a decided black, like that of the black-striped quagga, or the dark, shaggy fur of the gnu, are the favorite tints.

Thus it happens that, varied as are the shapes and styles which Fashion prescribes for these garments of fur, the range of color and tint is comparatively small, and would be still smaller, were it not that some purchasers lack in this instinctive perception of the fitness of things, and perpetually buy what is utterly inappropriate for them.

## POWELL VARDRAY'S LIFE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID, AUTHOR OF "VALERIE AYLMEYER."

### I.

THERE are few people who have attained any moderate length of years, and possess in any moderate degree the higher sensibilities and deeper passions, which are by no means the common heritage of the common race, who do not feel and will not acknowledge that existence is far from being synonymous with life. The former state begins at birth and ends at death, extending over many a level of stagnant days, including all the sluggish periods of inaction, and all the weary intervals of dead calm, as well as the stirring breezes and the blinding storms that come to the mental as to the physical world. The latter is thronged with action, filled to the brim with keen emotions, and whetted with eager strife, burning with passion, abounding in vitality, and freighted with issues that in result, at least, extend beyond the earth we tread. Sometimes these two states of being go hand in hand through man's pilgrimage. But this is rare. Few people live always; the vast majority live but seldom; and there are many who, from birth to death, never live at all. The woman whose name stands at the head of this story, belonged to the second class. Once, for a brief space, her pulse changed from the dull, even beat of existence, to the full, quick throb of life; once only—

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,  
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,"

waked within her, and, sweeping into one great current, roused her soul to the very centre, stirring it, filling it, teaching it the lesson which is old as Time, yet which every new-born child of Time must learn for itself—the lesson that delight is twin-born with pain, and that to live is to suffer.

At last the weary term was over, and the welcome two-months' vacation came—came to the long class-rooms, outside the windows of which heavy tropical foliage drooped, and into which fragrant tropical breezes swept, even as it came to other class-rooms under paler skies, where lighter foliage drooped, and fresher breezes played, far away in the fair temperate zone. Some smiling, some sighing, yet all glad to go, the pupils took their departure. Most of the teachers followed their example as speedily as possible, and, after a day or two of bustle and confusion, the great *pensionnat*, which was usually such a busy hive of life, sank into strange silence, and the half-dozen teachers and pupils remaining, moved about the wide dormitories, the long galleries,

and vacant "classes" like unreal shadows of what had been. In all the British West Indies there was no school so popular as this which had been established in Kingston, by an enterprising Frenchwoman, and the pupils thus stranded on its shore, were from the neighboring islands, and either meant to spend the vacation in the school, or else were awaiting the first opportunity to go home. The teachers were all foreign. There was a middle-aged German with a painfully-long neck, and painfully short-sighted eyes, who taught music, wore spectacles, ate sour-kraut, and played like Liszt. There was a vivacious Frenchwoman, a cousin of the principal, with the sallowest skin and blackest eyes in all Jamaica, with a love of toilets next to insanity, and a talent for arranging them next to miraculous. And, finally, there was a young American from the State of Georgia, a stately, handsome girl who had been in the school only one session, who talked very little about herself, but who bore the stamp of gentle blood and gentle rearing, and whose name was Powell Vardray.

It was near sunset on the third day after the school had formally closed, that the latter was alone in one of the large dormitories through which at this hour the first welcome breath of the land-breeze began to sweep. She had spent the long, sultry afternoon there—the afternoon which in the tropics has more than the stillness of our midnight—and now that various sounds proved that the universal trance of *siesta* was at last broken, she left unfinished a letter which she had been writing, and went to one of the windows. As she leaned out, the day-god sank into the distant ocean, and almost immediately the city below her waked into life. Windows that had been barred against the fierce rays of a vertical sun, opened wide at the first stirring of the breeze among the plummy leaves without; streets that had been deserted by all save a few lounging negroes and busy laborers began to be filled with carriages and pedestrians; sounds of passing feet, hum of voices, laughter and strains of distant song, floated up to the young foreigner; and, from the shade that came over her face, it seemed as if these things had more power to sadden than to cheer. Even the *pensionnat* at last roused in some degree. She heard the chatter of voices as the French teacher and two or three girls assembled on the flat roof over her head; and from below there came the notes of a piano which resolved into the strange, wild beauty of "Walpurgis Night" as the German teacher found that she had the grand *salon* all to herself. The royal harmonies were rising fuller and fuller on the dying day, when suddenly there came a clatter of horses' hoofs down the quiet street, a flush that even the twilight could not hide on Powell Vardray's face, and a gallant-looking rider who swept by at a sharp canter. In passing the school, he reined in his horse a little, and looked eagerly upward. The eyes above were looking down—frank, tender eyes that had no "cunning to be strange" in their soft depths—and the two glances crossed like swords. It was only momentary. The cavalier smiled, uncovered his head, bent low, and then was gone. The girl drew back with the flush already faded from her cheek; and when, a moment later, her name was called by a servant near by, she turned and spoke in the quiet, harmonious voice known so well in the school.

"Here I am, Rose. What is it?"

"A note for you, ma'am," said the servant, presenting, as she spoke, a dainty white missive as if it had been a bayonet. "The messenger is waiting, ma'am," she added, after a minute, as the young teacher sat with the envelope unopened in her hand, her brow slightly bent, and a faint reflection of the flush that was gone rising in her cheek.

"Yes—I know," she said, with a start. Then she broke the seal, drew forth the enclosure, leaned forward, and, by the last light of day, read these lines:

"DEAR MISS VARDRAY: We leave Kingston to-morrow for our residence in the hill-country. Knowing how unpleasant the city is at this time of year, and how lonely you must be in the school, we shall be delighted if you will accompany us and spend your vacation there. Alicia, in particular, is very anxious that you should do so; and I hope sincerely that you will not disappoint her by a refusal. If you say yes, I will call for you at nine o'clock to-morrow morning.

"Yours truly,

E. M. MURRAY."

Miss Vardray read this brief epistle twice over; then she knitted her brows again, and gave a moment to reflection; then she smiled slightly, and finally she looked up and spoke.

"You may go, Rose, and I will bring the answer down myself. Be sure and make the messenger wait for it, though. Where is madame?"

"In her own room, ma'am. She is going out, I think, for she was dressing when I came up."

"Going out! Then I must see her at once."

With the note in her hand, she left the dormitory, ran down a flight of stairs to the second floor, followed a corridor, and came to that part of the building where the private apartments of Madame Girod, the principal, were situated. Here she knocked, and was at once admitted to the chamber where this august personage—a handsome and decidedly sallow specimen of the Parisienne—was engaged in the mysteries of the toilet. She gave a cordial greeting to the young girl, and, when the nature of her errand was explained, she smiled benign consent.

"There are no better people in Jamaica than the Murrays," said she, approvingly. "They are at the head of fashion, and live in most elegant style. Of course *chère amie*, you must go. We shall miss you immeasurably, and I am sure I shall die of that stupid Madame Schaffer, and that chatterbox of a Victorine, but still I dare not be so selfish as to keep you. Be sure and present my affectionate remembrances to Alicia—she was always my favorite pupil, you know. *Bon soir, ma belle*. Go and enjoy yourself."

Dismissed in this hasty and benedictory fashion, Miss Vardray went to her room, and wrote an affirmative reply to Mrs. Murray's invitation. After this reply was sent, and while a loud bell was summoning her to the light evening meal, she stopped and asked herself if she had done wisely. These Murrays chanced to be friends of her family, and when she came to Jamaica to enter as teacher the school where Alicia Murray was a pupil, they had had the grace to pay her some faint show of social attention. She had been invited to several of their entertainments, and at one of these had the good or bad fortune to meet a certain Captain Romeyne, of the governor's staff, who, being much attracted by her beauty, had devoted himself to her with more *emprossement* than was at all expedient. After that she had never received another invitation to the Murray house. Alicia, however, who was a frank school-girl not yet broken into the traces of social life, and very fond of her teacher, carelessly betrayed the secret of this sudden reserve. Despite their wealth and fashion, the Murrays, it seemed, had not been very fortunate in matrimonial disposal of their daughters—partly owing to the fact that in the West Indies, as in a good many other places, eligible suitors are scarce, and young ladies are plenty. The eldest daughter had married a planter of Trinidad, who, in five years, gambled away his fortune, drank himself to death, and returned his wife on her father's hands a penniless widow. The second daughter was, in a moderate way, a beauty, and flew therefore at higher game than any the islands in themselves could furnish. Learning that Captain Romeyne might, by the death of a sickly elder brother, become the heir of one of the largest fortunes and oldest titles among the baronetcies of Great Britain, the Murray family in general, and Miss Ellinor Murray in particular, had made him the object of much attention and the centre of many hopes. There had been no vulgar matrimonial scheming—they were both too wise and too well-bred for that—but there had been a good deal of finess and really creditable intrigue which proved its ability by its success. Step by step the young man was led on until there is little doubt but that the object in view might readily have been compassed, if the fair face and dark eyes of Powell Vardray had not crossed his path, and dashed at once into insignificance the commonplace beauty he had admired before. And as Powell Vardray stood before her mirror now, looking at this face, and gazing into the depths of those eyes, she asked herself what this invitation meant. Had they given up the pursuit as hopeless, and were they willing that she should taste one short draught of happiness? Young as she was, the girl was worldly wise enough to return a negative to this question. Did it mean some plan to draw her out of his way, or to place her before him in some unfavorable light? Again she bent her brows, and again the question was too deep for her. At last she shook her head. "I cannot tell," she said aloud; "but whatever it be, I am ready to face it. I am no child, to fall into an open trap. I think my wit is as quick as theirs; and if strife must come, it shall be strife *d'honneur*. Let them mean what they will, this is my only road to happiness, and I shall take it. They cannot harm him, and for me—I am not rich enough in any gift of earth to fear for myself. The destitute can afford to be brave. I will go."

Years afterward Powell Vardray thought of these reckless words, and looked back on this resolve as the turning-point of her life. Whether she ever regretted it, was known only to herself and God; but it is hardly probable that she ever did—it is more than probable that she held the purchase of one brief taste of life none too dearly made even at the price she was forced to pay for it.

Punctually at nine o'clock the next morning, a carriage, well known in Kingston, drove up to Madame Girod's door, a brown-eyed girl sprang out, rushed past the portress *sans ceremonie*, fled up-stairs with the careless ease of one who treads familiar ground, and burst into Miss Vardray's room like an electric flash. "Alicia!—how you startled me!" said the teacher, with a laugh; and more than that she could not say, for Alicia's arms were around her, precluding speech and almost threatening suffocation.

"Oh, I am so glad you are going with us!" cried the girl, eagerly, "and it was so good of mamma to ask you! I did not think she would—on account of Ellinor, you know—but she did, and all of her own accord. That is, I said nothing to her; but I believe Maud told her she ought to do it. I did not think Maud was such a friend of yours—did you?"

"I had no idea of it," said Miss Vardray, smiling. "Don't choke me, Alicia—and pray let me tie my bonnet-strings. Is not your mother in the carriage?"

"Yes, certainly; but it don't matter about keeping mamma waiting—she is so good-natured. She only gets vexed when I say things about Ellinor's admirers—to tease Ellinor, you know. By-the-by, Miss Vardray, Captain Romeyne has gone—did you know it?"

Gone! What a dark mist it was that came without any warning over Powell's sight, and what a strange, sudden choking rose in her throat! She gasped for breath a moment, but so slightly that the careless girl beside her heard nothing, saw nothing—not even the swift pallor that passed over her face. Then she spoke quite as usual:

"No, I did not know it—how should I? But if so, he must have gone very lately, Alicia, for I saw him pass here yesterday afternoon."

"That is very probable," said Alicia, coolly, "for he only left this morning. He dined at our house yesterday evening, and bade us all good-by. There was some friend of his here in a yacht, and he is going to spend the next three or four months in cruising about with him among the islands. They left this morning. Ellinor was on the top of the house with an opera-glass, and she saw Captain Romeyne go on board the yacht, and saw the yacht put out to sea. So he is off, and that is an end of the matter. I am sorry for Ellinor, but I really believe I am still more sorry for Maud."

Silenced at this, Miss Vardray went on tying her bonnet-strings, and asked no questions. She never encouraged Alicia's family revelations, but, on the contrary, was often forced to repress them. In this instance, however, she said nothing, and the unreserved young lady soon continued:

"You see, Ellinor was willing enough to become Mrs. Romeyne, but I don't think her heart was terribly set on it. Now Maud's was. Maud thought that, if Ellinor were once well married in England, she could go there and secure a grand fortune for herself. She has had enough of West-Indians, she says—and, indeed, I don't wonder. She is dreadfully aggravating, though. I wonder sometimes if she didn't aggravate poor Dering into drinking and gambling himself to death."

"I believe I am ready now," said Miss Vardray, in reply to this observation. "If you will come, Alicia, we will bid the teachers and the girls good-by." Then, under her breath, "Oh, if I could but stay—if I could but stay!"

It was too late for this, however, so adieus were made, and in half an hour the Murray carriage was rolling out of Kingston, bearing as its freight Mrs. Murray, her guest, and her two unmarried daughters—the third daughter, Mrs. Dering, having preceded them with her father.

Any one who has ever been in the charming hill-country of Jamaica, will understand why it was that, in the course of the next few days, Miss Vardray ceased to regret her change of quarters. In the burning heat of Kingston, existence had been something nearly approaching to a torment—in her new abode it was a delight. Every hundred feet of mountain elevation was equivalent to a degree of latitude; and though the luxuriance of tropical vegetation crowned these lovely hills, the air that fanned them was fresh and pure as an elixir of life.

The sultry heat of the coast was a thing incredible in the airy villa that was perched on the mountain-side like an eagle's eyrie, while far below a wilderness of glowing landscape stretched to the sea, and the roofs of Kingston, together with the magnificent harbor of Port Royal, lay clearly visible in the distance. The young Georgian had been so closely confined since her arrival in Jamaica, that the prodigal loveliness of all things was to her a revelation. Child of the South as she was, her own South was like a faint, cold outline, to the glowing beauty of these fairy regions where

"Droops the heavy-blossomed bower, hangs the heavy-fruited tree—  
Summer isles of Eden lying in dark-purple spheres of sea."

Very swiftly the days flew by. There is not in the world a more delightful society than that of the planters whose country-seats occupy these mountains, and the headquarters of all the gentry afloat was that very house in which Miss Vardray was a guest. Rides, drives, excursions, parties, dinners, constant visits from plantation to plantation, made up the sum of daily life for these gay daughters of the tropics; and into this she was drawn almost without a protest. She had come to be happy—she ended by being gay; and, oh, what a wide distance there is between the two! After a while, she began to be grateful to the Murrys, and to think that they had simply been glad to give her this pleasure without incurring any risk to themselves thereby. But her heart beat sorely whenever she thought of the man who had gone away without one word of farewell—gone just when he might have known that her brief period of freedom had come. Still, she laughed and sang and danced, and did all things so charmingly, that she fascinated women as well as men, old as well as young, with whom she came in contact. She made quite a *furor* during her short season of questionable enjoyment. People forgot to patronize her with the condescending patronage which was due her social position. They even forgot this social position altogether, and only recognizing the native nobility stamped upon the woman, the grace of person, and the gifts of mind that made so fair a hold, grounded arms in a salute more valuable because unconscious.

Suddenly, however, into the midst of this there came a jar. Suddenly Powell waked to the knowledge that all was not so smooth as it appeared, and that, in truth, she was the centre of a scheme, common enough in society, yet, to some people, none the less revolting on that account. Among her many admirers was one whom a little encouragement would soon have transferred into a serious suitor, and this encouragement was given not by herself, but by Mrs. Dering. The person in question was a young planter of moderately good birth, moderately good fortune, and moderately good appearance, who had once been in Ellinor Murray's train, but whose pretensions were not considered of sufficient importance to warrant a formal dismissal, and who was now handed over to the young teacher with an understanding on all sides that it was an admirable thing for her, and a settlement in life she would do well to accept. That the girl herself looked at the matter from a different point of view, may have been foolish, but, at least, was not remarkable. In many respects, life had been hard lines to her; but it had never taught her—it never did teach her—that lesson of the world which most women learn in their cradles, and the alpha and omega of which is—a husband. Faults, and to spare, she had; but all of them put together did not suffice to make up the sum of that one virtue, entitled reasonable prudence, which, in matters of this kind, the world is never weary of commending. Therefore, when Mrs. Dering signified that a word would be enough to place Mr. Covington at her feet, it would be hard to say whether this clever lady was most astonished or mortified by the courteous but decided repulse which she received. It was so unexpected, that she could scarcely contain her chagrin within moderate bounds. She had laid her plans so well, she had brought them by careful degrees to such a successful issue, that now to be foiled like this at the very last, was hard—almost too hard to bear.

"She is either a deeper schemer or a greater fool than I possibly imagined," said this charming lady to her mother. "I knew that Arthur Romeyne had been amusing himself with her to a shameful extent, and, of course, I knew also that she was flattering herself with the hope of marrying him; but I never really believed that she would carry her game to the length of refusing Covington. And I assured him now, too, that his success was certain. What can I say to him now?"

"Oh, Covington is not a person of any importance," said Mrs. Murray, in a tone of quiet contempt, that would have annihilated its



object, if he could have heard it. "You know you can say any thing to him, and dispose of him in any way. The serious matter is, that this girl's refusal looks very badly—look as if she had some assured ground of hope—to believe—about Captain Romeyne, you know."

"It looks as if she were either scheming very deeply, or hoping very absurdly," said Mrs. Dering. "That is what I told you a moment ago. But, as for Captain Romeyne, it proves nothing. Of course, he has been foolish; but I have no idea that he has been, or intends to be, any thing more; and it takes little or nothing to set an adventuress of this kind to castle-building."

"We must get rid of her, though, Maud. It was against my wishes that she was invited; but you were so sure that she could be disposed of in this way. Now, you see how right I was; and Captain Romeyne may come back any day—and find her here."

"I see that I have failed in my plan," said Mrs. Dering, coolly; "but, at least, I have done no harm. Matters only remain as they were before—no better, certainly; but no worse, either."

"I don't see how you can say that, when the girl is still here. I don't like it, Maud. I honestly confess that it makes me uneasy, and I don't like it."

"I don't like it either, mamma; but we must find some decent excuse for sending her away. I will drive into Kingston to-morrow, and see Madame Girod. No doubt, she can be induced to send a message that will recall her. There can be no danger in her remaining for a day or two longer, you know."

In the course of the next twelve hours, Mrs. Dering had cause to alter this opinion, and to lay up, for future consideration, the important lesson that a policy of procrastination is always a policy of loss. That evening a large party dined at Flamstead—the name of the Murray seat—and, after dinner, Powell was called to the piano. She sang more than ordinarily well, for she had a fresh, flexible voice, of excellent training and great expression; so, after a while, by special request, she gave the "Adelaide" of Beethoven. Although she never sang it afterward, the tender, passionate strain seemed sometimes breathed into her ear by unseen lips, and they always brought back, like a vivid picture, the memory of that scene—the brilliant room with its gayly-dressed groups, the broad windows open to the fragrant tropical night, and the luminous tropical heavens, the faces at her side, and the very scent of the flowers drooping in her hair. Suddenly, the golden tide of melody wavered and almost stopped; suddenly, a sharp discord came into the sweet tone-idyl, and suddenly, also, a wave of color swept over the singer's face, as a tall, handsome man entered the room, and, despite the "Adelaide," was greeted by a chorus of welcome.

"Why, Captain Romeyne, is this you?"

"What an unexpected pleasure!"

"My dear fellow, where did you drop from?"

"Captain Romeyne, this is charming—and all the more charming because such a surprise. We thought you far enough away."

It was Mrs. Dering who came forward with an impulsive rush, and said this. It was with her that Captain Romeyne first shook hands, and to her made an explanation of his unexpected appearance. Powell did not hear him; but she learned afterward that, having chanced upon some nautical misfortune, the yacht had been obliged to put back into Kingston for repairs, and that, without giving warning of his intention, he had ridden out to Flamstead, and so surprised them.

"Mamma will be delighted," said Mrs. Dering, taking his arm. "She was talking of you only to-day. Come and let me give her a pleasant surprise. As for Ellinor—but then I must not tell tales out of school, and her first look will be apt to assure you whether or not she is glad to see you. We have quite a charming party here, and we mean to make you prisoner, now that you are in our hands.—Mr. Latimer, do you know where my sister is?—Why, Mr. Covington, I am surprised that you are not at your usual devotions!"

Mr. Covington was quick enough to follow her glance, and move at once toward Miss Vardray. Observing the direction of his steps, Captain Romeyne first looked surprised, and then laughed.

"So Covington has found a new shrine!" said he, lightly. "I hope Miss Murray did not prove very cruel?"

"Oh! it is merely a case of mutual accommodation," answered Mrs. Dering, with a shrug. "Ellinor really likes the poor fellow, and, having the kindest heart in the world, she was very glad to dispose of him by handing him over to this girl—one of Alicia's teachers, whom mamma invited here to please the child, and who, of course, is

delighted with such an establishment as Mr. Covington offers her."

Captain Romeyne's eyes—and very keen ones they were—followed Mr. Covington, and rested for a moment on Powell, over whom the gentleman was just then bending.

"She does not look delighted," said he, as he saw the girl turn almost haughtily from some speech of her admirer's.

"Women's looks are very deceptive," answered Mrs. Dering, with a glance of feigned indifference and real vexation in that direction. "Perhaps she thinks she can play with her fish, having safely landed him. Of course, the subject cannot interest you; but it is an understood thing that they are engaged. Here is mamma now.—Mamma, look what a charming surprise I have brought you—Captain Romeyne in person!"

How wearily, after this, the hours went by to Powell! He was there in the room with her; but oceans and mountains might have intervened, for all the satisfaction that his presence gave. He was monopolized by the Murrays; she was guarded zealously by Mr. Covington; and even glances were forbidden, since glances, unfortunately, are as intelligible as words even to bystanders. It was life that throbbed in the girl's feverish pulses—but such bitter life that just then she would willingly have taken instead the dead calm and stagnant quiet that, unstirred by joy, is also untroubled by pain. Unfortunately, however, the choice between these two states is never granted us. Without intermission, the strain went on, until at last the effort to talk easily and laugh gayly became more than she could bear. Then she seized a favorable opportunity—a moment when no one was observing her—and, stepping through an open window, slipped away into the friendly shadow of the night. Once outside, she did not linger in the neighborhood of the drawing-room, but took her way to the farther extremity of the grounds, where an abrupt height overlooked the sleeping ocean—a lonely spot, where the only sound which broke the silence was a monotone of surf on the beach far below. There she knelt down, and laid her cheek on the cold stone of a balustrade that guarded the dangerous descent. The holy and ineffable peace of Nature soothed her as nothing else could have done. The great mother seemed stretching soft arms of love around her, and sending sweet messages in every breath of odorous air and every echo of the waves below. By degrees, a sort of lethargy crept over her. How long it lasted, she had no means of knowing. It was broken, at last, by a step on the gravel walk, a presence at her side, and a voice she knew only too well, saying:

"How devout you look! Have you stolen away here to say your prayers?"

She glanced up without changing her attitude, looking rarely lovely in the silver starlight.

"I came away for quiet," she said. "Is that very strange? No; I have not been saying any prayers—unless they were to the ocean."

"And did it hear you?"

"Yes, in a degree. I have been very much at rest for a time."

"So you came here for rest?"

"I thought I told you that a moment ago. Quiet and rest are synonymous terms—are they not?"

"Hardly, I think. There is a difference between them; but—well, I did not follow you to split hairs over verbal distinctions. Look at me again, please. I want to see your eyes, while I ask you a question. There—that is it. Steady now! don't start if I am outrageously impertinent. Tell me—are you engaged to Covington?"

He spoke quickly, almost sharply—spoke as if suspense irked him, and yet as if he feared to end it—but the astonishment that sprang at once into her eyes answered him without any need of words. He first smiled, then laughed, at her look of blank amazement.

"I am satisfied," he said; "don't trouble yourself to speak; your face has done that for you. I was a fool to believe it for a moment."

"You believed that I was engaged to Mr. Covington? Ah! I can guess—Mrs. Dering told you so."

"And if she did?"

"Then she might have told you, also, that it is no fault of hers I am not, that she did her utmost to draw me into an engagement, and that it was plainly for this purpose that I was invited here."

Romeyne started slightly, then recovered himself and laughed again.

"Was it, indeed? Well, it matters very little about the purpose. The result is that we are once more face to face, as I almost feared we never should be again. This is enough for me. Powell, is it not enough for you also?"

His gay, careless tones softened over the last words, and the girl beside him quivered from head to foot. She knew that the crowning issue of her life had come; yet through the midst of her sudden joy there pulsed one sharp throb of pain. She could not seize or analyze it, for in a second it was gone; but she remembered it afterward, and wondered if it had been a premonition. She did not speak, though Romeyne waited for her answer, and in that moment the very voices of the night seemed hushed, as if listening for her reply—only far below was heard the soft rustling of the stately palms and the murmur of the tide upon the beach. Then the young man knelt down beside her, and bent his face to a level with her own.

"Powell," he said, "have I vexed you? Will you not even speak to me? It is true that we have known each other a very short time; but I hardly think words are needed between us. We know all—we know that we love each other. Why, then, should we stand apart, when life is so short and every minute is so precious? I came to this place only because I heard that you were here, and because I thought that at last—"

He stopped, caught his breath sharply, and listened. The silence of the night had been all around them a moment before; but now the soft breeze was laden with other sounds—with footsteps, with voices, with laughter that jarred on the solemn quiet of Nature. Romeyne muttered one impatient exclamation, set his teeth, and then turned.

"I must go," he said, hurriedly; "they will find me here, if I don't. Remember this—we belong to each other, and before this time to-morrow night your own lips shall tell me so. Now—good-night!"

He caught her hands, kissed them passionately, and, before she could utter a word, was gone. A minute later, she heard him meet the advancing party, heard their exclamations and inquiries, heard his careless answers, and knew that they turned and began to retrace their steps. Gradually, the gay voices died away, the calm Oreads of the hushed solitude came back, and, as she knelt, still motionless, she could scarcely tell whether that brief interview had been a dream or a reality

[CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.]

## PAUL AVENEL.

HOMEWARD from tropic seas he came,  
A sailor, bold and brown;  
And saw the scarlet moonrise flame  
Above the distant town.

The locust gave him dreamy song,  
The breeze blew fresh and free.  
"O love," he thought, "it is not long  
Ere I clasp hands with thee!"

A touch upon his shoulder fell,  
A voice fell on his ear:  
"Whence have you come, Paul Avenel,  
And wherefore come you here?"

He knows the face, though gloomed it be;  
The voice, though sad, he knows.  
"John Waldron, friend, if you are he,  
Speak blither words than those.

"Speak welcome warm and welcome gay:  
Do I not need glad cheer?"  
John Waldron sighs, and turns away:  
"You will not find it here."

Pale, in the eerie light, is Paul.  
"Oh, say the truth," he cries;  
And, louder than his language, call  
The yearnings of his eyes.

An answer sounds in broken voice:  
"The love you held so true

Is worth no honest lover's choice,  
But faithless unto you.

"Look, yonder where the lights illumine  
Her many-windowed house:  
The bride is beauteous, but the groom  
Hath gray upon his brows.

"He promised grandeurs manifold—  
The ancient, heartless tale;  
He bought her, with a flash of gold,  
A costly wedding-veil!"

Paul Avenel in silence hears,  
In silence, dark and stern.  
His deep eyes wear no trace of tears,  
But keenly, strangely burn.

"John Waldron, if I did not know,"  
At last his lips reply,  
"Your truth is stainless as the snow,  
These words would seem a lie!"

"Oh, trusted with a trust supreme,  
Oh, worse lost, in thy shame,  
Than though I saw thy grave-slab gleam,  
And read thy carven name!"

"What curse too bitter can I speak,  
To match these pangs, that make  
My life a desert, blank and weak,  
For thy poor worthless sake!"

He lifts a white face to the skies,  
He lifts a wrathful arm.  
"Hold! curse her not," John Waldron cries;  
"Nay, God forbid such harm!"

"For never lie more foul was told,  
I swear, than this of mine;  
Not all a kingdom's proffered gold  
Could tempt her love divine!"

"And even in death her parting thought  
Was your sweet loyal slave:  
For now two April-tides have wrought  
Fresh daisies round her grave."

Paul Avenel in silence hears,  
And slowly understands.  
The low moon sparkles on his tears,  
And gilds his heavenward hands.

"Thanks, friend," he murmurs, "for the rude  
Cold lie that smote to save!  
In grief, and yet in gratitude,  
I now shall seek her grave!"

EDGAR FAWCETT.

## JOTTINGS ABOUT DUELS.

IN August, 1800, three young gentlemen were dining at Crockford's, in London. It was getting late. They had sat long over their wine, and were boisterous in their mirth as they discussed the merits of a water-melon just set before them. In the midst of their talk a stranger—an elderly man, wearing a gray surcoat closely buttoned up to the throat, and a shabby hat—entered the room, and, seating himself at the end of an unoccupied table, ordered a mutton-chop and a glass of ale. There was nothing sufficiently peculiar about him to attract observation. He might have been taken for a county magistrate or a country attorney. The expression of his countenance was serious, his manners were quiet, and his bearing that of a gentleman—im-poverished, perhaps, but still unmistakably of gentle breeding.

As he was eating his chop and sipping his ale, apparently unconscious of the rather boisterous merriment of his neighbors, a melon-seed struck his right ear. Raising his eyes, and seeing that the seed had been purposely though sportively snapped, and that no apology was made for the petty impertinence, he picked up the seed, and, wrapping it in paper, put it in his pocket. Resuming his repast, a second seed shortly struck him on the right elbow. This was followed by a shout of laughter. With scarcely a change of the grave expression of his face, the stranger stooped, picked up the seed, and carefully deposited it with the first. A third followed, with some derisive word, as it sped, from the half-drunk young blood, which, striking the stranger on the breast of his coat, was also picked up and put with the first two, when rising, walking calmly toward the offender, and, unbuttoning his coat, he laid his card on the table. He had on an undress military suit. His card showed his rank. Of course, there was no room for retreat. A lieutenant-colonel in the British army requires no certificate of gentle blood. No words passed, the young gentleman offered his own card in exchange, the officer returned to his meal, and the young men, somewhat sobered, shortly withdrew.

The next morning a note arrived at the aggressor's residence, conveying a challenge in form, and one of the melon-seeds. The truth then flashed upon the challenged party that his unwarrantable frolic was likely to be a somewhat serious affair. The code, however, admitted only duel or disgrace. Accepting the challenge, naming pistols as weapons, and gaining by toss the first shot, the young man fired and missed his opponent. The colonel levelled his pistol in return, and sent his ball through the flap of his offender's ear—the place the first melon-seed, snapped the previous evening, had adroitly hit.

A month passed. Nothing more had been heard from the colonel. He had had satisfaction for an insult which, however unprovoked, was thoughtless, and which it was hoped he had forgiven. Not so. Another note, presented by the same friend, conveying in courteous phrase a second challenge, with another of those accursed melon-seeds, arrived, with the colonel's apology on the score of ill-health for not sending it before. They met again. This time the fire was simultaneous. The aggressor's shot failed. The colonel, on the contrary, shattered with his ball the right elbow of his antagonist.

This was terrible. The romance of exquisite skill was turned into a drama of slaughter. The third melon-seed was to come, and it was that which, aimed at the breast of the unoffending stranger, had struck, amid cheers of derisive laughter, directly above his heart. What instructor ever taught good behavior like this! The note arrived at last. It contained the melon-seed, but no challenge.

"And what, sir," asked the young man of the messenger, "am I to understand by this?"

"You will understand, sir, that my friend forgives you. He is dead!"

I have said that, according to the code, no man who does not apologize for intentionally insulting another can refuse to fight. That is one thing. But did the code, as Sam Johnson said in his ingenious argument at General Oglethorpe's table—did the code "banish from society a man who put up with an affront without fighting a duel?" That it professed to do so, is true. That it did at times attempt to do so, is without doubt. But during the present century, whether in this country or in England, that it has ever succeeded in doing so, is doubtful. Take, for example, the case of General Jackson, when Lieutenant Randolph pulled his nose—did the former lose caste by refusing to challenge the latter? Or Josiah Quincy, for declining to accept the challenge of a Southern Hotspur? Was Judge Thacher, of Maine, less respected for that quaint answer to his challenger, that he "would talk with Mrs. Thacher about it, and be guided by her opinion?" Or Judge Breckenridge, who, when positively declining to accept a challenge, told the challenger that he might draw his (the judge's) figure on a board, and fire at it as near and as often as he pleased, and that, if he hit it, upon a certificate of the fact, he should have the credit of it?

Passing over these rather exceptional cases, however, would either Mr. Paull or Sir Francis Burdett, who fought a duel together about the Westminster election in 1807, have been banished from good society had one or the other refused to fight? Or had Canning declined Lord Castlereagh's challenge, in 1809; or O'Connell Mr. D'Estere's, in 1815; or Grattan the Earl of Clare's, in 1820; or Wellington the Earl of Winchelsea's, in 1829; or Roebuck Mr.

Black's, in 1835; or the Earl of Cardigan Mr. Tuckett's, in 1840—would the same result have followed?

Or, to come back to our own country, how about Alexander Hamilton, had he declined the challenge of Aaron Burr? The former was the aggressor. They had been rivals. Before they met there was between them deadly hostility. That Hamilton did not mean to fire at Burr, and that Burr did mean to kill Hamilton, does not alter the previous fact that Hamilton had put Burr into the position to be considered a coward if he forebore to challenge his opponent. How, then, when the alternative was shifted, when Burr, by sending a challenge, had put Hamilton in the position to accept, or be considered a coward? In that day of political hatreds, would Hamilton have escaped that which he feared more than death, had he declined to fight? Would his transcendent abilities, or distinguished civil services, or loyalty, or military renown, or social position, have saved his good name?

The brutal murder of Cilley of Maine, by Graves of Kentucky, is not relevant. A congressional committee, indeed, decided that every thing had been fairly transacted according to the code, but then the motives of the principals are not apparent. There was no quarrel. Neither Cilley nor Graves had ill-feeling the one for the other. On the field, where rifles were the weapons, and deadly aim the necessity, they two, had neither been wounded, might have hob-nobbed the moment afterward without grudge or even passing irritation. They fought because Cilley declined to say that his refusal to receive a note from James Watson Webb was no reflection upon Webb's character. Graves delivered the note. Cilley exonerated Graves. But he would go no further, and hence the challenge from Graves. It would have been the most absurd of duels but for its tragical end. There was no occasion for it. Neither of the principals would have suffered in character had he declined the contest, even at the last moment. Cilley would have lost no position had he refused to fight, nor would Graves have violated the code had he withdrawn his challenge.

The same is equally true in regard to the unfortunate duel between Barron and Decatur. Barron was an unlucky dog. Striking the Stars and Stripes without firing a gun was enough for one life. It was in 1807. He was in command of the frigate Chesapeake. On June 23d he struck his flag to the British frigate Leopard without even preparing for action. For this he was tried, found guilty, suspended for five years from duty, and deprived of his pay. During a residence abroad, which he immediately sought, war was declared between England and the United States, and, because Barron did not instantly return and offer himself for service, Decatur officially opposed his claims when he did. For this Barron challenged him, and, at their meeting on the 22d of March, 1820, fatally wounded him. That there was no necessity for this hostile meeting, even according to the code, and that Decatur would have suffered neither in official nor social position had he refused to accept Barron's challenge, is evident from the decision subsequently given by Barron's own court of inquiry that "his absence from the United States," at the time complained of by Decatur, "was contrary to his duty as an officer." This affair is shown even more clearly to have been unnecessary by what occurred on the field after shots had been exchanged. Both were wounded—fatally, it was supposed. For convenience they had been moved near to each other. In fact, they lay side by side. In this position, each supposing his life-blood to be ebbing away, and each suffering excruciating pain, they came to an understanding.

"I was never your enemy, Barron," remarked Decatur, "and, in my official opposition to you, was influenced by no personal ill-feeling."

"I know it," replied Barron, supposing himself to be mortally wounded, "and forgive my death."

"But," rejoined Decatur, "why did you not come home, Barron, when war was declared, and help fight your country's battles?"

"I was too poor," replied Barron. "I could not get away. My creditors kept me from returning. Debt alone, not want of patriotism, was the cause of my delay."

"Had I known that," replied Decatur, "we should not be lying here."

That infraction of the code did not necessarily involve social ostracism is evident from the fact that De Witt Clinton left the field with impunity while Swartwout, his opponent, was protesting he was not satisfied. After the first shot the latter demanded a second, and, after the second, a third. Neither was wounded.



"Is your principal satisfied?" asked Riker, Clinton's second.

"He is not," replied Smith, after consulting Swartwout.

The fourth shot was then exchanged, Clinton's ball entering the calf of Swartwout's leg.

"Is your principal satisfied now?" demanded Riker.

"He is not," replied Smith.

Shots were exchanged the fifth time, and again Clinton's ball entered Swartwout's leg.

Riker again asked the question, "Is your principal satisfied, Mr. Smith?"

After a moment's consultation with Swartwout, who, standing while the surgeon extracted the bullets from his leg, manifested great fortitude, Smith replied that he was not.

"Then he may go to hell, for I will fight no more!" replied Clinton, and immediately left the field.

Henry Clay maintained, even after his opinions on the subject of duelling had entirely changed, that there were occasions upon which a man could not honorably decline either to give or accept a challenge. He cited the duel between John Randolph and himself, where he had been insulted for the very purpose of branding him a coward, provided he refused to resent it. Clay was Secretary of State; John Quincy Adams was President; Randolph was in the Senate. In a speech of the coarsest sarcasm and most bitter invective, the latter had assailed Clay in language like the following:

"This man—mankind, I beg your pardon—this worm—ye little animals, forgive the insult—was spit out of the womb of meanness, was raised to a station higher than he was born to, for he was raised to the society of blackguards!"

What was to be done? The insult was public; it was intentional. Randolph was the first gentleman of Virginia. The society in which he and Mr. Clay moved recognized the duel. Disgrace in his own State and among gentlemen of the South, at home and abroad, would be certain to follow any deviation from the code.

"Of course," said Mr. Clay, "I challenged him. I could not do otherwise. Had I shown the white feather, even Massachusetts would have scorned me."

The pleasant result of the meeting is well known. The shot of Mr. Clay passed through his opponent's coat. Mr. Randolph discharged his pistol in the air. He had previously said he would do so, but, upon being remonstrated with upon the folly of standing to be shot down, had replied:

"Well, if I see the devil in Clay's eye, I'll fire."

The instant the pistols were discharged, Mr. Clay, touched by Randolph's magnanimity, approached, and, offering his hand, said:

"I hope you are not hurt, Mr. Randolph. For the world, I would not have touched you, after what has occurred."

"You owe me a new coat, Clay," replied Randolph, showing the rent made by the ball—to which Clay rejoined:

"I am glad the debt is no greater." And they parted, certainly better social friends, and probably less bitter political enemies, than before.

Of ferocious insult, with avowed purpose to evoke a challenge to combat, there is no more choice example than that which became Tom Moore's *bête noir* to the end of his life. Jeffrey had savagely reviewed one of Moore's earlier poetical works. This was well enough. It was the fair province of the *Edinburgh*. But it had gone beyond. The criticism was full of personality; motives were impugned; base designs were charged. "There is a deliberate attempt," said the reviewer, "to corrupt the readers of the book." Moore was furious. Determining to cut off all chance of reconciliation, he wrote to Jeffrey as follows:

"SIR:

"In the last number of the *Edinburgh Review* I find myself charged with 'deliberate intention to corrupt the readers' of my books. To this, I beg leave to answer: You are a liar—yes, sir, a liar—and I choose to adopt this harsh and vulgar mode of defiance in order to prevent at once all equivocation between us, and to compel you to adopt for your own sake the alternative which you might otherwise have hesitated in offering to mine.

"I am, sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"THOMAS MOORE."

The alternative was adopted. One does not see how, according to

the etiquette of that day, it could have been avoided. A challenge was sent, accepted, preliminaries arranged, and the two princes of literature met at the agreed rendezvous. The morning was early, and the day jocund in its promise, as the light struggled through mountain mists, when Moore, with all the enthusiasm of his poetic nature, remarked to Jeffrey:

"What a glorious morning it is!"

"Yes," replied Jeffrey, "a morning too glorious for the purpose that has brought you and me here."

"You feel, I suppose," rejoined Moore, "that, like the legendary Saxon bishop, you are better off in this world than in any elsewhere of the great hereafter. The bishop, you remember, querulously remarked to his servant that he was dying. 'Well, my lord,' said the good fellow, 'you are going to a better place.' 'John,' replied the prelate, with an air of conviction, 'there is no place like Old England!'"

Meanwhile the seconds had retired, and were loading the pistols. As Moore finished his story, the seconds, at last ready, placed the parties at the stipulated distance, and put the weapons into their hands. They raised their pistols, and stood waiting the signal to fire, when police-officers, rushing in, arrested all the parties, and led them off the field.

This meeting became a topic for the wits of Edinburgh and London. It was said that the pistols were loaded with paper pellets. Byron wrote, in the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers":

"Can none remember that eventful day,  
That ever-glorious, almost fatal fray,  
When Little's leadless pistol met his eye,  
And Bow-Street myrmaids stood laughing by?"

The clubs were merry over the matter; it was the topic of the salons; a hundred different versions of the affair were given; the newspapers—Moore's particular horror—retailed dribbles of the scandal; and the grand society, of which he was both the sycophant and ornament, cherished the story for many years as a morsel of luscious gossip. Both Moore and Jeffrey publicly denied that the pistols were not loaded with balls, and promised to adduce proof of the fact. The friend of the latter did, indeed, make a half-equivocal affidavit to support his principal's allegation; but the second of Moore, to Moore's infinite disgust and lasting enmity, refused to make any statement whatever. Moore and Jeffrey, however, were reconciled, and became life-long friends.

A fatal duel, from trivial causes, occurred in London in 1803, between Captain Macnamara of the Royal Navy and Colonel Montgomery of the Ninth Dragoons. The former was riding in Rotten Row, followed by his dog; the latter, accompanied by his—a fine terrier—was strolling along the lawn. The dogs met, snuffed, played for a moment, got angry, quarrelled, and fell to grips. The owners looked on, amused, until the terrier was seized by the mastiff in the small of the back, and likely to be killed. Colonel Montgomery requested the captain to call off his dog, which the latter declined to do. The colonel then said:

"Unless you call off your dog, I shall knock him down."

Captain Macnamara: "Sir, if you knock down my dog, you will have to knock me down also."

Colonel Montgomery: "Why don't you dismount, then, and take your dog away?"

Captain Macnamara: "I am an officer in his majesty's service, and unaccustomed to the use of such arrogant language."

Colonel Montgomery: "Sir, if you consider yourself aggrieved, you know where I live. You ought to take care of your dog."

Captain Macnamara: "I shall do that, sir, without asking leave or receiving permission from you."

The dogs were parted; but the men met two hours after. It was in the same place. The park was empty; though not quite dark, twilight had advanced far into the gloaming. Captain Barry acted for Captain Macnamara, and Sir William Kinnaird for Colonel Montgomery. The weapons were pistols. Twelve paces were measured off, the weapons placed in the hands of the opponents, and the word given. Macnamara was slightly grazed only, while Montgomery was shot dead.

The affray produced great excitement in London, where Colonel Montgomery was well known as a man of rare accomplishments and great benevolence; and Captain Macnamara was put on trial upon a charge of manslaughter. After the jury had retired, Lord Nelson,

who had just landed at Portsmouth, appeared in court, and made request that his testimony might be taken touching the character of the prisoner. The jury were accordingly recalled, and Lord Nelson put upon the stand. He swore that he considered Captain Macnamara one of the most valuable officers of the navy, that his distinguished services had won for him promotion and renown, and that he (Nelson) thought Macnamara incapable of insulting a man, woman, or child. The jury immediately found a verdict of not guilty.

In 1807, Mr. Colclough, of Philadelphia, was killed in a duel by his friend, Mr. Alcock, who lost his reason in consequence, and was confined in a mad-house. Upon all other subjects, Mr. Alcock remained perfectly sane—business, literature, composition, and the social and political topics of the day. To a friend upon a visit, he remarked:

"How old you have grown since I saw you! How gray your head is?"

"Yes," replied the other; "but then gray hairs are honorable, you know."

"Ay," replied Mr. Alcock, "that is true. It was *honor* that made my hair gray."

The trial and imprisonment of Captains Smith and Markham, of the British Army, in 1830, for killing Mr. O'Grady, a barrister, in a duel, did much to check the barbarous system among military men. Mr. O'Grady, on horseback, met in a crowded street Captains Smith and Markham, driving in a cabriolet. In attempting to pass, the former, crowded upon the foot-path and his horse losing his footing, leaped forward to right himself in the saddle, and, in doing so, touched the top of the cabriolet with his riding-stick. The horse recovering his footing, and he his seat, he went on at a gentle walk. The gentlemen in the cabriolet drew up suddenly; Captain Smith jumped out, whip in hand, overtook Mr. O'Grady, and, without salutation, call, or expostulation, struck him several times. When he turned, he saw Captain Smith running back to his cabriolet, and, upon inquiring who he was, received for a reply:

"You know me, d—n you! I am Captain Smith of the Thirty-second."

Mr. O'Grady rode to his father's house, and sought for the assistance of Lieutenant Macnamara, who in the course of the day had an interview with Captain Smith and Captain Markham, who acted as his friend. The meeting immediately followed. It was six in the evening. No strangers were present. Captain Markham acquainted Mr. O'Grady that the signal to be given was, "Ready! fire!" When he gave it, however, he said: "Are you ready, gentlemen?" O'Grady conceived the word to be "Ready! fire!" and that "Are you ready, gentlemen?" was merely preliminary. Captain Smith, it appeared, did not so understand it, and, upon hearing the words, raised his pistol, levelled it, covered Mr. O'Grady, and fired. The latter fell without having discharged his pistol, and died the next day.

There was suspicion of foul play, though the judge would not permit the proof to go to the jury. It undoubtedly had its effect, nevertheless. A verdict of guilty was rendered, and both prisoners, Smith and Markham, were sentenced to imprisonment in Kilmainham Jail for one year. The announcement was received with cheers. To the young officers, both verdict and sentence came with awful surprise. Captain Smith clasped his hands to his forehead, and exclaimed: "O God! My God! Take my life! Is it come to this?" Then, throwing himself into Captain Markham's arms, he cried: "O Markham! my dear Frederick! have I brought you to this? Oh, I wish to God they would take my life!"

The sentence was carried out, nevertheless, greatly to the benefit of the British service in all parts of the world.

N. S. DODGE.

## OUR LIFE'S BLOOD.

TWO startling announcements have lately been made in the public papers, well calculated to cause us to blush for our ignorance, and to marvel at the wonders which science may yet have in store for coming generations. A Swedish *savant* of high renown and great authority in his profession has solemnly proclaimed his conviction that a large number of Egyptian mummies were embalmed long before death had ensued, and merely for the purpose of suspending life for a given time. While admitting that the secret was lost in Egypt

itself, he claims to have discovered it anew, and offers to embalm a criminal condemned to death with a view to resuscitating him after a number of years. The statement gains weight by the well-authenticated fact that in the East Indies the secret of thus suspending life has been handed down to a few favored men of our day. Persons have been buried, more than once, and in some cases before the highest British authorities of the land; their grave has been guarded by government troops, and after several months they have been disinterred in the presence of numerous witnesses, among whom were physicians, and they have been seen to come back to life with all the familiar symptoms of sufferers recovering from syncope or cataleptic attacks.

The other announcement, hardly less startling, and decidedly more shocking to all our ideas of life and death, conveyed the conviction of another *savant*, in Paris, that the head of a decapitated man was, at least for an hour, and perhaps even longer, still possessed of feeling, and that hence the guillotine was the most cruel instrument by which the death-penalty could be inflicted upon criminals. This view also sought support in the very general impression among the ignorant that life may continue in a beheaded criminal by means of the blood remaining in the head—a popular notion, of which the eccentric German writer Hoffmann has availed himself in one of his most remarkable sketches. A foreigner, called to Paris during the Reign of Terror, meets toward night, on one of the bridges across the Seine, a woman of passing beauty, whose unearthly pallor is set off by a broad velvet ribbon around her snow-white neck. She seems to be in dire distress; he offers his help, and, finding her apparently in a state of overexcitement, unable to give an account of herself and her friends, takes her to his home. On the next morning he finds, to his horror and utter consternation, that the strange necklace has given way, and the head rolled to the floor; afterward he learns that the unfortunate woman had been guillotined the day before, and an ardent lover had attempted, with a physician's assistance, to place her head on her trunk and to restore her to life by a tight bandage, intended to unite the severed arteries. Other novelists, our own Poe among them, have seized upon the attractive subject, and thus confirmed the popular impression; while not long ago a clever writer put into the mouth of a French physiologist travelling in South America so graphic an account of the resuscitation of an executed criminal that the story went the round of the papers throughout the whole world, misleading many by its grave tone and extreme plausibility, and welcomed by thousands who delight in "supping on horrors."

As all error is useful by leading to research, and thus finally to truth, these and similar misstatements have recently called attention once more to the oft-mooted question, Where is the seat of life? It is well known that the heart, the stomach, and the head, have all been presented and believed in as the true homes of the life of man; but the oldest and most general belief is, after all, expressed in the words, "The life, which is the blood" (Gen. ix. 4). The simple accident of a man's death after a violent hemorrhage may very well have led to this early faith, and hence we find that, as Homer's heroes pour forth their life with their blood, so with the Jews, also, to shed a man's blood meant to cause his death. The earth opened her mouth to receive Abel's blood from Cain's hand, and the voice of Abel's blood cried unto the Lord from the ground. The whole East, therefore, has ever believed that "the life of all flesh is the blood thereof," and especially that the seat of man's life is in his blood. The West, ever skeptic, and in its general tendency to judge, not by faith in dogmatic assertion, but from the results of actual observation, has long since established the truth that life dwells, not in one great centre, but in every great or small part of the system, and that the nerves of our bodies, the flesh of our muscles, and the tissues of our glands, although all in need of blood, still have each a life of their own. Even Harvey's great discovery of the circulation of the blood, established in spite of the fierce opposition of the disciples of Galen and the protestations of the faculty, only served to make this point clearer. Nevertheless, the blood was even in the seventeenth century universally looked upon as the great principle of life, and then it was that the long-cherished idea of transfusing the blood, and with it the power of life, from one person into the system of another, became once more prominent, and led to numerous interesting experiments.

A Benedictine monk was the first to give publicity to the strange doctrine in a sermon. Then a learned French nobleman, M. de Montmor, a member and founder of the Academy, and a friend of Gassendi,

suggested the first actual operation. A young man of fifteen, who after the fashion of the day had been bled twenty times, till there was very little blood and still less life left in him, was chosen for the experiment. A Dr. Denis drew eight ounces more from him, and immediately, through the same orifice, injected arterial blood from a lamb. The patient bled a little from the nose, but soon after rose, dined heartily, and recovered. Dr. Lower repeated the experiments in England, confining himself, however, to animals; and from that day the transfusion of blood has become a frequent if not a familiar operation.

Blood has thus been successfully injected into patients, as a last and heroic remedy against arterial hemorrhages, and in the case of threatening losses of blood after childbirth. But it must be borne in mind that, in all these instances, the whole important apparatus of nerves, muscles, and glands, was in perfect condition, and that hence the blood here appeared only in the light of new oil poured into a lamp, the mechanism of which is in good order. When, on the contrary, the loss or want of blood is a consequence of some severe injury done to those parts of the system, a new supply of blood can, of course, be but of little use, and rarely, if ever, renders even a momentary service.

The operation is, however, not only resorted to when the patient has to be supplied with new blood in place of that which he has lost, but also in order to substitute good blood for vitiated blood. This is the case, for instance, when persons are poisoned by carbonic oxide. This gas has a most remarkable power of affecting the tiny globules of our blood; it combines with them, mechanically, in a way which deprives them of their oxygen and renders them unfit to sustain life. For several hours this is the only effect of the deadly gas, and, if in this interval, before the alteration in the blood produces death, the vascular system can be emptied, and new blood infused to replace the vitiated, poisoned blood, life may be saved.

By the side of these truly-scientific and all-important benefits to be derived from a transfusion of blood, we find that men, from time immemorial, have connected with it almost superstitious hopes of ascertaining and mastering by its aid at last the great mystery of life itself. If the life of the flesh is in the blood thereof, they say, why should not life be given, why not restored, to lifeless bodies? Medicine and physiology, we need not add, have never encouraged such idle thoughts; but charlatans and dreamers have again and again returned to the puzzling question. In the case of decapitated criminals alone, the experiment promised a certain possibility, which finally, in our own day, led a great master of his science, whom we can almost claim as our own, to perform some exceedingly interesting operations. This was Dr. Brown-Séquard, who in 1851 experimented on two murderers that had been guillotined.

One, a young man of twenty, had been beheaded at eight in the morning; eleven hours afterward, every trace of irritability had naturally disappeared from the muscles of the body. A few minutes after nine o'clock, the operator injected blood, drawn from his own veins, into one hand of the corpse. The operation continued for thirty-five minutes; the blood, which was red when it entered the orifice, passed off black, as in a living body; irritability was restored, and by proper means a movement in the muscles of the hand could be clearly discerned.

In the case of the other victim, about a pound of the blood of a dog was used; but it had been previously deprived of its coagulable part, and beaten in the air. The body was that of a robust man of forty, and had been left undisturbed for more than twelve hours. One arm was then cut off, and the blood injected through the brachial artery. The skin began to resume its natural color, the hairs rose upright, and a so-called goose-skin appeared. The veins on the back of the hand became bluish; the pulse began to beat, and to raise the artery at the wrist; the fingers ceased to be rigid; and for nearly six hours the muscles of the arm remained irritable.

These two experiments had produced such remarkable phenomena that Dr. Brown-Séquard determined to push his researches still further, and to ascertain by actual experience if a head detached from the body could be at least momentarily revived by the infusion of arterial blood. He beheaded a dog at the junction between neck and breast. Ten minutes after all symptoms of life had disappeared from the severed head, when the eyes had lost all expression, and electric currents even produced only contractile spasms, Dr. Brown-Séquard applied to the four arteries of the head a number of tubes, connected with a quan-

tity of blood which had been deprived of its coagulable part and charged with oxygen. An ingenious mechanism, devised by the operator, supplied the action of the heart, and caused the blood to circulate, as in life, through the brains. After a few moments, spasmodic jerks gave a kind of animation to the face; then the movements became regular and precise, and soon all the muscles were movable, and the eyes turned to and fro. The experiment was continued for a quarter of an hour, and during all that time these manifestations of life continued, and, apparently at least, in the guise of voluntary actions. They ceased as soon as the injection of blood was interrupted, and then followed all the usual phenomena observed in agony: the pupil of the eye contracted, and then was dilated, and life passed away once more with a last effort, a violent convulsion of all the facial muscles.

This astounding result produced the deepest impression upon all the by-standers, among whom were some of the most eminent men of France. The paramount importance of bringing arterialized blood in contact with the cerebral matter was fully established, and the reason clearly shown why in a case of syncope a horizontal position is favorable to a speedy reflux of the life-giving liquid to the brains. But the physiologist sees as clearly that the brains of a dead body, subjected to the infusion of blood, operate only as a complicated mechanism, which receives once more the blood that it needs in order to be kept in motion; the spirit is, nevertheless, flown, and no "life's blood" can bring it back. In fact, the head is only the instrument of the intellect, and, as a French writer has pointedly expressed it, the human machine only marks life as the clock marks time.

SCHÉLE DE VÈRE.

## MY BUSINESS FRIENDS.

AS Mr. Snedecor calls himself my contemporary, albeit my senior by at least a decade, I begin this sketch of my city associates with his worthy name. In retrospective excursions, I find this gentleman very far back on the tablets of memory, and, curiously enough, I cannot find any decided tokens of increasing age upon him to-day. He was a big boy at my first school, and his little grandson is not much younger now than I was then. It is true, that those peculiar whiskers which Snedecor says are "auburn and fast colors" (he sells prints, that is, calico prints) were in embryo when first we met; but it is also true that they have undergone no change for about forty years. I remember the tireless vigilance with which he watched their early growth, when I was struggling across *pons asinorum*, and he was a college senior. He patronized me immensely at that time, partly because of the whiskers, and partly because of his college rank. The hirsute adornments were and are of that peculiar shade of auburn which we discover in brick-dust, and which most obstinately resists the encroachments of time. The rank of a college senior is known to be the highest attainment possible to humanity. And the remorseless domination of Mr. Snedecor over me is entirely due to the snubbing and subduing effects of his gown and beard, when I was a smooth-faced freshman. My daily occupation, I am thankful to say, does not bring me into contact with buyers and sellers. Mr. Snedecor spends all his working-hours precisely in this unhappy vortex, and I am obliged to believe that he enjoys it. Even those curious episodes in commercial life, which seem to occur with tolerable regularity, and which always involve money lost to traders, appear to furnish enjoyment to my friend. I noted down his instructive remarks this morning, believing that there must be a meaning in them, and, hoping that some one more enlightened will gather the crop, I here set down his eloquent observations while my memory is fresh. He straggled into my sanctum, brushed my cat out of the other chair, and opened fire.

"Hello, Jones! Got a smoker? What is it, Partaga? Pressed cabafia, by Jove! Pity to waste it before dinner—but give us a match. Puff, puff! Well, they're off, half a cent! Prints, you know!"

"You don't say so!" I replied, with an air of intense interest.

"Ya-as! It's all doocid foolishness. Stoffin and Cloot are cuttin' one-another's throats again. Every thing's off! Standards, three-quarters. Warm Sutters is the only thing that sticks to first principles. Prints are nowhere!"

"How does this affect you, Snedecor?"

"Well—Merrimacs can't stand the pressure, you know. I'm all right. Got a guarantee on forty boxes. Puff, puff! I saw this



trouble looming. If them Prooshins would only go home, or get licked like thunder, things would soon straighten out. What do you think about this war, old man?"

"It is not easy to answer that question in a few words," said I; "but if you will listen patiently fifteen minutes, I'll endeavor to enlighten you. The present attitude of France—"

"Exactly! There's all the trouble. Let's go to Delmonico's and get a hasty plate. No? Well, I must have something to sustain Nature. Good-by! Hang them Prooshins!" and he was gone.

These occult deliverances have set me thinking. As far as Snedecor could be understood, Messrs. Stoffin and Clood have been habitually committing manslaughter, in mild imitation of the struggling armies west of the Rhine, and prints and other commodities have been injuriously affected by this personal contest. I am not clear as to the exact status of Warm Sutters. I have certainly heard the name frequently, but, strange to say, I have never heard of Cold Sutters. Indeed, I cannot say, positively, whether it is the name of an individual, or of a firm, or whether it is some edible that is never taken cold. Perhaps it is a horrible compound of capsicum and mustard, that carries its latent fires, to scald the coat of one's stomach, like the curry-powder that Snedecor once induced me to taste. As for the standards, which he says are "three-quarters off," I presume this refers to some sign of distress, similar to placing a flag at half-mast. He did not inform me as to the relative degree of trouble indicated by "three-quarters," but I suppose it is one-quarter worse than half-mast. As Stoffin and Clood have rival establishments of enormous dimensions, it is probable that these signals are displayed upon their towering roofs.

The pressure under which Merrimacs are suffering is still more mysterious. Snedecor spoke of forty boxes, upon which something that he called a "guarantee" rested. If this is a material substance, with length, breadth, thickness, and ponderosity, I cannot understand how the weight could be applied to such a quantity. There can be no doubt that "Merrimacs" is the name of a particular kind of calico in which Snedecor deals, for I have seen them frequently in his store. The pieces of calico have labels on them, indicating that they are "warranted fast colors," and I was dubious for a long time as to the precise meaning of this inscription. Snedecor informed me the other day that the ordinary meaning was, that "the colors would wash out with great rapidity."

There are two things connected with my friend's vocation that perplex me. The first is the multitude of technical expressions belonging to his business. Hereafter, I propose to speak of others of my intimates, whose occupations lie in other directions, and the same observation will apply to them. It is a noticeable fact that these traders all seem to understand each other's shibboleth as if it resembled the thieves' dialect of Alsatia, or the *lingua Franca* of the crusaders. If we had a Dean Trench in this longitude, he would probably find full scope for his etymological attainments, in arranging and classifying the traders' nomenclature. It differs from any dialect or *patois* with which I am familiar, in that its incomprehensibility depends mainly upon the monstrous misapplication of ordinary words. For example: I quoted Snedecor's exact language. "Warm Sutters is the only thing that sticks to first principles." Now the literal meaning of this sentence is that "sutters," a noun of the singular number, being a "thing," and therefore incapable of moral action, adheres tenaciously to a course of rectitude, while in violent antagonism to "Prints," which are "nowhere." Let any English scholar, unacquainted with traders' gibberish, extract sense from this example if he can.

The second mystery appears to belong to the dry-goods trade universally; wholesale and retail, foreign and domestic. It is the astounding fact that the business is done at a positive loss nearly all the time. I have noticed, very frequently, that a transaction which terminated profitably would be referred to, now and again, as an isolated case, totally abnormal, and proving by its occurrence the almost universality of the opposite rule. In order to sell, the seller must convince the buyer that he, the seller, is losing money. The goods cannot be sold unless they are undeniably "cheap." They cannot be cheap unless the seller loses a trifle on them. To ascend or descend, whichever it may be, to the "retail department," this fact of universal loss becomes much more apparent and notorious. Vast quantities of goods are displayed at windows—all dead bargains—all sold at frightful reduction from cost of manufacture, and mostly sold in palatial establishments, and exhibited behind plate-glass. The enormous ex-

pense involved year by year, in making these ruinous sales, is a very curious part of the business. But, paradoxical as this patent fact may appear, it is still more unaccountable how the proprietors of these marts manage to keep up their private establishments. I have taken "pot-luck" with Snedecor occasionally, and have always found the pot-luck to consist of four courses, enlivened by sherry, champagne, and claret.

If one will heed the discourse of any two ladies who have recently returned from a shopping expedition, or, still better, overlook the display of purchases which they are prompt to make, upon very slight provocation, the proximate bankruptcy of the sellers will be settled beyond controversy. The dear creatures, who *never* deal in dear goods, cannot be misled by any amount of gloss or finish in the fabric, or any quantity of palaver in the salesman, never. Following a case up, from Snedecor to the dear creatures aforesaid, this is the result: Snedecor buys the goods at twelve cents, sells them to the retailer at eleven, who sells them in turn to the dear creatures at ten. The heavy end of the loss and damage undoubtedly falls upon the proprietors of the dear creatures; but this is one of the inevitable elements in the cost of married bliss. That "supplendid" merino which madame bought at two dollars, and which cost the importer three, is intrinsically worthless in the estimation of the male brute who pays, but madame has a bargain, nevertheless.

The truth is, the whole subject is involved, and I find the problem more difficult than the *asymptote* which bothered my brains forty years ago.

A. JONES

## AT THE HOUR OF DEATH.

A FAMILY in the village where the writer lives recently lost two daughters. The elder, named Clara, died in the winter, or early spring; the younger, named Anna, died in the summer.

Anna was spending her last moments in talking about her teachers and companions, when, suddenly looking upward, with an expression of joy and surprise, she exclaimed, "Clara! Clara! Clara!" and, after a few moments' silence, in which she seemed to behold her departed sister, she died.

The girl was a mere child, and the circumstance, which was related to me by one of her teachers, left a pleasant impression on my mind. I mentioned it to a friend, a magazine writer and psychologist. He related the circumstances of the death of a little boy in a neighboring town, who had seen, or thought he had seen, a similar appearance. The boy talked reasonably on ordinary subjects, but insisted that his little brother, who had died, had come to him, and that he was then among the family circle in the room. "Do you not see him, father?" he exclaimed, with emphasis; "I can see him now; he is there!"

Neither of these children knew any thing of what is called spiritualism, and neither understood that the hour of death had come.

Were these visions the effect of a delirious mind—*agry somnia vana*—or were they realities? Is there some expansion of the faculties, at the hour of death, that enables the spiritual eye to discover the celestial world and its mysteries? Is there truth as well as poetry in Waller's famous stanza?—

"The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,  
Lies in new light through chinks that time has made;  
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become  
As they draw near to their eternal home;  
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,  
That stand upon the threshold of the new."

It is easy to raise these questions; it is impossible to answer them. But, aside from any discussion of the truth or fallacy of such appearances, the data themselves are interesting; and I have collected from various authors a number of them, which the reader may interpret according to his faith or skepticism.

The melancholy history of Louis XVII., dauphin and titular king of France, is well known. He was a lively and beautiful boy, ardently attached to his father and mother, in whose society his time was wholly spent before the stormy period of the Revolution. His last interview with his father in the Temple was most affecting, and it is related that the queen fought the guards who came to remove him from her apartment in prison, until her strength was exhausted and she fell upon the stone floor, rigid and senseless, like one dead. After the execution

of his parents, he was given over to the care of a shoemaker in the Temple, a wretch named Simon, who cruelly tortured him, with the design of causing his death without committing palpable murder. He was placed in a filthy cell, where he could neither breathe fresh air nor take exercise, and was left entirely alone day after day, with only a scanty supply of food and water. His bed was not made for six months, and his clothes were not changed for a year. His keeper used to beat him most brutally, and that without provocation. His limbs became stiff through inactivity, and his mind became vacant and deranged. He used to sit in his chair utterly motionless, without so much as attempting to drive away the rats that nibbled at his clothing and feet. Some remark that he had made having been construed to the reproach of his mother, he resolved not to speak again, and severe beatings could not force him to break his resolution. After the overthrow of the revolutionary government of Robespierre and the Jacobins, he was placed under the guardianship of more merciful keepers; but his health had been impaired beyond recovery, and he died in the summer of 1795, in the arms of Lasne, one of his guardians. Just before he expired, he was asked if he was in pain. "Yes," he answered, "but not in so much as I was—the music is so sweet!" It was a quiet June day, and there was no music in or around the Temple. He seemed to listen; his face grew calm and beautiful, his spirit shining through his wasted features like a lamp through a shade of alabaster. He said: "Do you not hear the music?" One asked him whence it came. He answered: "From above!" His large eyes grew more luminous; his attention became steadily fixed, as though he were listening to low, sweet voices in the air. He at last said, with a look of intense joy and satisfaction: "From all of the other voices, I can distinguish that of my mother!"

Titelmann was a brutal persecutor of the followers of the German reformers. "The martyrology of the provinces," says Motley, in his "Dutch Republic," "reeks with his murders. He burned men for idle words or suspected thoughts; he rarely waited, according to his frank confession, for deeds." Among his victims were Robert Ogier and his family, of Ryssel, in Flanders, whom he accused of heresy on account of his neglecting to attend mass. The whole family were condemned to be burned at the stake. Ogier had a son, a mere boy, remarkable for his piety, amiable disposition, and for his intelligence. "O God," prayed the boy, when they had fastened him to the stake, "Eternal Father, accept the sacrifice of our lives in the name of Thy beloved Son!"

"Thou liest, scoundrel!" said a monk, who was lighting the fagots. "God is not your father; ye are the devil's children."

The flames arose, and the boy looked heavenward. "Look, my father!" he exclaimed, in a voice of transport; "all heaven is opening, and I see ten hundred thousand angels rejoicing over us. Let us be glad, for we are dying for the truth!"

The protomartyr beheld God's glory and died, and in all ages have there been those who have supposed that they saw celestial visions at the parting-hour. "The celestial city," said Payson, "is full in my view." "This is heaven begun," said Thomas Scott. "I breathe the air of heaven," said Stephen Gano. "I have been," said Walker of Truro, "upon the wings of the cherubim." "Christ—angels—beautiful—delightful!" were the last words of Dr. Hope. "I not only feel the climate, but I breathe the ambrosial air of heaven," said H. S. Golding, "and I shall soon enjoy the company." "I see things that are unutterable," said Rev. Mr. Holland. "I see the New Jerusalem," said Norman Smith. "They praise Him! they praise Him! What glory! the angels are waiting for me!" said Dr. Bateman. "Oh, those rays of glory!" said Mrs. Clarkson. "Oh, the greatness of the glory that is revealed to me!" said Lady Hastings. "Do you see," said Edmund Auger, "that blessed assembly who await my arrival? Do you hear that sweet music with which holy men invite me, that I may henceforth be a partaker of their happiness? How delightful it is to be in the society of blessed spirits! Let us go! We must go! Let me go!"

Looks, as well as words, often express triumph in death. Some one says of the Countess of Seafield, after quoting her last prayer: "With these words she closed her eyes, and seemed to all present to be yielding up her breath. But in a little time she opened her eyes again, and, with an air, as it seemed, of joy and wonder, she continued looking upward with a fixed gaze for nearly half an hour. Those present were not a little affected, both with her last words and her last looks."

The countenance of Mrs. Rowe bore witness that she was receiving remarkable manifestations from the unseen world. She said, with tears of joy, that she had experienced such happiness in dying that "she knew not that she had felt the like in all her life."

The dying expressions of the face of Jean Paul Richter are described by his biographer as having been exceedingly lovely: "About six o'clock, the physician entered. Richter yet appeared to sleep; his features became every moment holier, his brow more heavenly, but it was cold as marble to the touch; and, as the tears of his wife fell upon it, he remained immovable. At length, his respiration became less regular, but his features always calmer, more heavenly. A slight convulsion passed over his face; the physician cried out, 'That is death!' and all was quiet. The spirit had departed. All sunk, praying, on their knees. This moment, that raised them above the earth with the departing spirit, admitted of no tears. Thus Richter went from earth—great and holy as a poet, greater and holier as a man."

A remarkable instance of a serene and beautiful exit appears in the history of Jane, Queen of Navarre, who was a most enlightened and pious sovereign. Bishop Burnet says: "She not only reformed her court, but the whole principality, to such a degree that the golden age seemed to have returned under her; or, rather, Christianity appeared again with its primitive purity and lustre." She was poisoned by perfumes sent to her by an Italian apothecary at the direction of Catharine de Medicis. The religious persecutions in France drove many Protestants to seek an asylum in Navarre. Among these was an eloquent divine, named James Faber Stapulensis. He came to the principality during the reign of Jane, where he lived to be a centenarian. To show her respect for his learning, piety, and great age, the queen made a feast for him, to which she invited many learned and illustrious men. He came, but with a melancholy air and dejected countenance. The queen asked him the cause of his unusual sadness. He answered: "How can I, O queen, be cheerful myself, or contribute to the cheerfulness of others, who am the most wicked creature upon the face of the earth?"

"But what," asked the queen, "can that wickedness be which you have committed, who from your youth have appeared to live a most holy life?"

"I have lived," he answered, "to an hundred and one years pure from every stain of lewdness, and do not recollect any thing particular on the account of which I should fear leaving life with a troubled conscience, except one, which, however, I hope may be forgiven. How shall I appear before the high tribunal of God, who have sincerely instructed others in His holy gospel, and rendered them more brave and constant in its profession than myself, so that not a few among them have courageously endured a thousand tortures, and even death itself; and yet I, their poor, dastardly minister, contrary to the will of the Lord, have, by a shameful flight, sought to lengthen out that life which will very soon of itself forsake a decrepit old man, to whom nothing more glorious could have happened than that I should have willingly sealed those divine truths whose power I have so often experienced with the little residue of blood that is now creeping in my veins?"

The queen and the guests comforted him, and his countenance became calm.

"Well, then, I see nothing remains but that I should go home to God, having first, if it is agreeable to you, made my will; and I do not choose to defer it, for I perceive that the summons from my God has come!"

The old man left the banquet-hall, signifying his desire to take repose. He bade adieu to the guests with a holy and luminous expression on his face, then lay down on a couch and fell asleep. The guests went to wake him at a proper hour. They found him dead.

Instances of persons in apparent health prophesying their own death, are by no means rare. The story of the Earl of Huntingdon will be recalled in this connection by the readers of the life of his excellent and pious countess. Beaumont records an instance that is as remarkable, but not as well known; Sir Charles Lee had an interesting daughter, highly educated and accomplished, who was betrothed to a young nobleman, and before whom life seemed opening with unusual promise. She thought that the spirit of her mother came to her couch, early one morning, and said: "I am happy, and at twelve o'clock to-day you will be with me." She arose and wrote a farewell letter to her father, giving him directions respecting her burial, announced to the family that she should die that day, and sent for the chaplain to read prayers. "When the prayers were ended," says the

narrative, "she took her guitar and psalm-book, and sat down upon a chair without arms, and played and sung so melodiously and admirably, that her music-master, who was then there, admired at it. And near the stroke of twelve, she rose and sat herself down in a great chair with arms, and, presently fetching a strong breathing or two, she immediately expired, and was so suddenly cold as was much wondered at by her physician and surgeon." This last circumstance would seem to indicate that disease had for a considerable time been preying secretly upon her vitals, and the wonderful dream or vision to which it gave rise may have so wrought upon her imagination as to have ended in its own fulfilment.

Many remarkable stories are told of the fulfilment of prophecies uttered at the hour of death. The circumstances of the death of Jean Guillaume de la Flechere, or Fletcher of Madeley, have been related by his biographers, and are familiar to the readers of Methodist biographies, and need not be repeated here. The awful prophecy of George Wishart concerning Cardinal Beaton, who was lying in great pomp on the top of his castle, amid banners and gorgeous tapestries, witnessing the burning of his victim, has found its way into many books, from Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather," and is also widely known. The circumstances of the death of Grandier, one of Cardinal Richelieu's victims, has had fewer readers. Grandier fell under the displeasure of Richelieu, who accused him of sorcery. After a mock trial, he was condemned to be tortured and burned. He was squeezed between two planks until the marrow spurted from the bones of his feet, when he was thrown into the flames. From the midst of the burning pile, Grandier called to Father Lactance, one of his most brutal persecutors, and said: "I summon you to meet me within a month at the judgment-seat of God." A few weeks after this summons, the bloody prelate died.

The death of old Eberhard Stilling, the grandfather of Johann Jung-Stilling, was so wonderful and beautiful, that it seems more like a fiction than a reality. I have seen nothing like it, so poetical, dream-like, and airy. He went with his children into a wood, one day, and left them to play by a beautiful spring, while he went to gather some fagots. On his return he appeared very cheerful and happy, folding his hands and smiling. He sat down by the side of his children, and told them the following story: "On leaving you to go into the wood, I saw at a distance before me a light just as when the sun rises in the morning. I was much surprised. 'What is that?' thought I; 'the sun is already standing in the heavens—is it a new sun? It must be something strange; I will go and see it.' I went toward it. As I approached, there was before me a large plain, the extent of which I could not overlook. I had never seen any thing so glorious in all my life! Such a fine perfume, and such a cool air, proceeded from it as I cannot express. The whole region was white with the light—the day with the sun is night compared to it. There stood many thousand castles, one near another. Castles! I cannot describe them to you; they were as if made of silver. There were also gardens, bushes, brooks. O God! how beautiful! Not far from me stood a great and glorious mansion. Some one came toward me out of the door of this mansion like a virgin. Ah! a glorious angel! When she was close to me, O God! I saw it was our dear, departed Dora! She said to me with such a friendly manner, with the very look which formerly so often stole my heart. 'Father, yonder is our eternal habitation; you will come to us soon!' I looked, but all was forest before me; the glorious vision had departed. Children, I shall die soon; how glad I am at the thought!" From that hour old Stilling seemed like one enchanted, and, shortly after the vision, he passed, in a serene and joyful frame of mind, away from the world.

Most of these narratives present death with a pleasant aspect, but they leave the question undecided whether or not the *arcana celestia*—the celestial mysteries—are indeed disclosed to the dying. For my own part I believe in the philosophy of Waller's fine stanza, and pity the man who, for an immortality like his who put the torch to the temple, seeks to unsettle the mind in respect to this cheerful faith.

H. BUTTERWORTH.

## PARSEE MORALITY.

AT the request of Max Müller, who has done so much to increase our knowledge of the religions of the East, an Oriental scholar, the Rev. Scharpurji Edalji, has just translated into English the

"Pand-Nāmāh," or Book of Counsels, ascribed to Ādarbāl Mārāspand, a Zoroastrian, supposed to have lived about the fourth century of our era. This interesting little manual of Parsee morality was lately translated, from the original Pehlevi into Gujarathi, by Herbad Sheriarjee Dadabhoy, for the Zartoshti Dinni Khol Karuāri Mandli, or Society for making Researches into the Zoroastrian Religion. From the Gujarathi it is now done into English, affording, as Müller remarks in a prefatory note, "a most useful contribution to our knowledge of the moral and religious convictions of the followers of Zoroaster."

Like the proverbs of Solomon, the "Wise Counsels of Ādarbāl (Ātunpāt) Mārāspand" were written for the instruction and guidance of a beloved son:

1. "It is said that Ātunpāt had no child, therefore he offered up prayers to God. And, before long, a son was born in his house. . . . And, when the lad was grown up, Ātunpāt said unto him: 'My son, attend! I shall teach thee things of excellent knowledge.'"

The first "counsel" is not unworthy of Solomon:

"My son, meditate on virtue, do not meditate on sin; for a man does not live forever, therefore the thing which concerns heaven is more worthy of him."

And so likewise we may say of these:

10. "Always and at every time trust thou in God alone, and make that beloved to thyself which is increasingly profitable unto thee."

11. "Labor and sacrifice thy life for the thing which is of God and the Amashaspands."

64. "Cherish good thoughts."

102. "Ask God's blessing and keep thy heart cheerful, and thou shalt obtain of the Lord an increase of His goodness."

Like Confucius, Ātunpāt gives the Golden Rule negatively:

7. "That which is not good for thyself, do thou not do it toward another man."

Again:

92. "If thou desirest that no one should call thee names, do not thou call any one names."

45. "As far as possible, pain no man by uttering evil words; and act not toward any one in a malicious and hurtful manner."

62. "Let thy words be sweet."

Yet Ātunpāt would not suffer truth to be sacrificed for sweetness.

The most transparent honesty is constantly insisted on:

38. "Tell no untruth to anybody."

96. "Do not utter a word with a double meaning."

114. "In nowise break thy word, so that thou mayst have no dishonor."

It would be interesting to know whether the hill-tribes of Central India have ever been brought under the influence of Parsee teaching. Their truthfulness is literally that of the "Pand-Nāmāh." It is a common saying that a "Kurubar *always* speaks the truth." Of another tribe a British officer says: "The Santals are the most truthful men I ever met with." In his last book Alfred Russell Wallace gives the following fact as an instance of the truthfulness of these tribes:

"A number of prisoners taken during the Santal insurrection were allowed to go free on parole, to work at a certain spot for wages. After some time cholera attacked them, and they were obliged to leave; but every man of them returned and gave up his earnings to the guard. Two hundred savages, with money in their girdles, walked thirty miles back to prison rather than break their word!"

"Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom," Solomon says. And so likewise says Ātunpāt:

104. "My son, I tell thee wisdom is a thing which is a great helper to man, for perchance riches will go, and the cattle at home will die; but wisdom will surely remain. Again: continue in thy endeavors to put faith in religion; for which is the greatest consolation? Wisdom. And what is most excellent? The hope concerning the other world."

120. "I have found it by experience that the avoidance of evil from the world is by wisdom."

124. "Wisdom is good even in a prosperous condition, and in a state of poverty wisdom is the best guardian."

133. "By wisdom a man does more work, for he alone is a well-doer who has wisdom. Again: he who has wisdom, that is itself his riches. The root of every good work is found by wisdom."

134. "Although a man should live a hundred years in this world, yet he has at last to go by the way of the bridge. Wherefore think of this, that at that time the men of thy kith and kin will not come nigh thee, because they will be parted from thee; only whatever ben-



effit thou hast gained by good conduct, according to wisdom, will go with thee."

136. "When the body is injured, when the bodily cage is broken up, the soul will forget it, and go away from it. The soul will cease working, and the bodily cage will become useless. The soul departed at that time will become anxious concerning the deeds done in the state of its relation with the body."

148. "Those persons who disobey the precepts of holy men, when they reach the other world, even on the way from the mountain of judgment unto the bright and great bridge Chinvat, will see in their soul the recompense of whatever they have done by their body."

To insure a safe passage of the bridge, whereby the good enter heaven, injunctions like these are given:

78. "Be thou full of virtues, and then thou shalt be a man of a good life."

79. "Obtain righteousness and be a friend of religion, and thou shalt obtain deliverance."

81. "Be liberal in almsgiving, and thou shalt dwell in the highest heaven."

84. "Do not injure thy soul by wrath and enmity."

95. "Do not consign thy soul to hell out of a false modesty or shame."

107. "Keep thy hands from stealing, thy feet from wandering without work, and thy mind from cherishing wicked revenge; for the man who works righteousness obtains a good reward, and the man who commits sin suffers punishment."

The maxims of "worldly wisdom" range from the high level of the last—"Keep thy hands from stealing and thy feet from wandering without work"—down to this:

35. "Be not at enmity with a book-writer!"

Ātunpāt's experience with the scribbling fraternity seems to have been less fortunate than Job's; or perhaps he had less confidence in his son's ability to reply to his adversary's book than Job had for himself. Controversy, indeed, seems not to have been at all to Ātunpāt's taste:

58. "Make use of hard words with carefulness."

And again:

74. "Be thou agreeable to all, and then thou shalt become famous."

This last advice may perhaps be more correctly called shrewd than shallow; and such, indeed, is the character of nearly all the maxims that have to do with every-day life. That overreaching shrewdness, however, which trenches on the Golden Rule, finds no encouragement in the "Pand-Nāmāh." The strictest honesty is inculcated throughout:

Much is said regarding the choice of friends and associates:

5. "Be thou a lover of the chief and superior men."

23. "Seek the counsel of wise and sensible men, of learned men, of intelligent men, and of men of a good disposition, and be thou their friend."

53. "Be a friend of an educated and modest woman, and desire to make thy wife only of such a one."

100. "Make not a new friend of an old enemy; for an old enemy is like unto a serpent, which does not forget the old enmity."

101. "Make a new friend of an old friend; for an old friend is like old wine, which, the older it becomes, the more worthy it becomes."

The sensible advice touching the choice of a wife is followed up by counsels like the following, and others bearing on the family relation:

43. "For thyself love thy wife alone."

91. "Give thy daughter in marriage to a wise and intelligent person; for a wise and intelligent man is like good ground, from which, when seeds are cast into it, much corn is gathered."

Again:

64. "Make that man alone thy son-in-law who, though poor, yet is of a good disposition, without blemish, and accomplished; for he will some day obtain riches from God."

57. "If thou hast a son, send him to school from his childhood; for the art of study is like unto a second eye that can see."

14. "Do not let thy wife, children, countrymen, as well as thyself, remain uninstructed; so that thou mayst have no grief and trouble, and that thou mayst not have to repent."

Touching the general conduct of life, we read:

3. "That which is honorable, forget thou not."

4. "And be not troubled and grieved concerning that which thou mayst not have received from God."

37. "Render honor to elderly and wise men. Ask for their counsel, and give ear to what they say."

13. "Do not speak of that of which thou hast only heard, as if thou wast an eye-witness thereof."

85. "When thou sayest or doest any thing, make a polite bow; for in bowing the back is not broken; and in asking in a sweet manner thy mouth is not filled with a bad odor."

88. "In a public assembly of banqueting do not sit in a higher seat than where thou oughtest to sit, so that thou mayst not be removed from that place and caused to sit again in a lower place."

87. "When thou sittest in an assembly, do not sit by a man of a wicked mind, so that thou mayst not also be considered a wicked man."

111. "Drink spirituous liquor in moderation, for evil deeds are done by him who drinks immoderately."

17. "Do not mock any person."

Of prudential counsels there are many that give evidence of good sense, if not of "deep morality":

36. "Tell not thy secrets to a thoughtless man."

27. "Do not listen to the story of a tale-bearer or a liar."

21. "Do not show an envious man all thy riches and property."

23. "Do not be a debtor to a wicked and low person, neither do thou make him a debtor to thyself; for not only shalt thou have to give him much interest, but also by his frequently sending a man to thy door to ask for his money thou shalt be greatly injured."

44. "If thou hast money, first purchase pools of water, fields, and a considerable portion of land. For, although thou wilt not perhaps receive any fruit forthwith, yet thereby there will be a good beginning of thy income."

89. "Do not boast of this world's riches; for the wealth and treasure of this world are like a bird which goes from one tree and sitteth upon another, but sitteth not still upon one tree alone."

106. "For the sake of thy reputation, do not forsake thy good occupation."

Some of Ātunpāt's aphorisms are extremely pithy, in spite of the translator's clumsy English:

60. "Count not that man trustworthy who has only outward polish."

108. "The man who will dig a pit for his enemy will himself fall into it."

118. "Those who do not work with their hands put down their laziness for misfortune."

135. "A wise man understands a good work from the beginning, but a fool only when it comes to an end."

132. "By knowledge it is easy to comprehend any thing."

There are other sayings of this wise old disciple of Zoroaster, which we should be glad to transcribe did our limits permit. The book closes with a few brief but masterly sentences descriptive of the time when the soul forgets its broken bodily cage and goes away:

"When the heart that has been troubled will not throb again."

"We cannot keep off the decree of Fate, which comes as strong as the wall of many fortresses."

"The great and the small, the master and the servant, the beggar and the bountiful man, and the man of low degree—all have to enter that home."

JAMES RICHARDSON.

## PRECIOUS STONES.

**D**IAMONDS were first brought from the East, where the mine of Sumbulpour was the first known, and where the mines of Golconda were first discovered in the year 1584.

Although not considered as valuable, intrinsically, as the ruby, the diamond has always maintained its precedence as the first of crown-jewels. In Queen Victoria's crown there are thirteen hundred and sixty-three brilliant diamonds, twelve hundred and seventy-three rose-diamonds, and one hundred and forty-seven table-diamonds, besides one large ruby, seventeen sapphires, eleven emeralds, four small rubies, and two hundred and seventy-seven pearls.

The diamond is composed of pure carbon crystallized, and is the hardest known substance. The English were at one time famous as cutters of precious stones, but the art is now wholly lost to them, and most of the valuable stones are intrusted to Dutch Jews. The diamond is split easily with the grain, and cut upon a wheel smeared with diamond-dust—the only material that effectually touches it—and it is polished in the same manner, a steel disk being employed for the purpose, smeared with fine powder, and revolving at a great speed.

We may add that on the skill and success of the lapidary in the cutting of diamonds entirely depends the development of the true value of a stone. The first cutting of the celebrated Koh-i-noor diamond was a miserable failure, inasmuch as the brilliancy of the gem was in no adequate measure revealed, and a second cutting was necessitated to bring out the surpassing splendor of the stone. Although reduced in the latter process from one hundred and eighty-six to one hundred and six carats, so skillfully was the work performed by the famous Coster, of Amsterdam, that no visible reduction was noticeable, while the brilliancy of the gem was pronounced surpassingly wonderful in its renewed form.

To its hardness the diamond owes its name, which is derived from the Greek *ἀδάμας*; Latin, *adamans*—signifying invincible consistence.

While the ancients were aware of the property of its powder, or dust, for cutting, engraving, and polishing other stones, with the art of cutting the diamond they were unacquainted, contenting themselves with such as were polished naturally. It was not until the fifteenth century that the art of cutting and polishing the diamond was known in Europe, having been invented and first practised in 1456 by Louis de Berquen, a native of the city of Bruges, the capital of West Flanders.

Diamonds of the choicest kind are described as water or snow-white diamonds, and these are most sought and prized by jewellers because of their superior hardness, lustre, and refractory power. The rarest-colored diamonds are blue, pink, and dark brown; but yellow diamonds, when the color is uniform throughout, are very beautiful and highly valued. Pale-blue diamonds are also prized and rare, while deep-blue ones are still rarer.

Many persons suppose that diamonds are only used as jewelry, and that really they are of no essential value in the practical arts. This is a mistaken notion; they are used for a great number of purposes in the arts. The magnifying power of the diamond, in proportion to that of plate-glass ground to a similar form, is as eight to three. For drawing minute lines on hard steel and glass, to make micrometers, there is no substitute for the diamond-point.

The rough diamond is called "vort," and the points used for glass-cutting are fragments of the vorts. Great care and skill are necessary in selecting the cutting points, because the diamond that cuts the glass most successfully has the cutting edges of the crystal placed at right angles to each other, and passing through a point of intersection made by crossing the edges.

Sir David Brewster first noticed fluid cavities in the diamond, and explained the optical peculiarities of some diamonds by their presence. The diamond not only burns in oxygen gas, but in the air when heated to redness before the oxyhydrogen flame; it takes fire and burns like coal, but goes out when the heat is intermitted. It then becomes white, like ground-glass, and does not blacken, nor swell up, nor splinter, unless previously cracked. Other experiments of a scientific character show that diamonds, with native lenticular faces and such as are used for glass-cutting, look, after having been strongly heated in the air, as if they were composed of so many prisms enclosed in triangles.

So accurately are diamonds imitated at the present time that none but those carefully skilled in the business can detect the real from the imitations.

Signor Massimo Levi, an Italian chemist, has afforded a source through which to accurately determine the difference between real and imitation diamonds, which is as follows:

"If you have a doubtful stone, put it into a leaden or platinum cup, with some powdered fluor-spar and a little oil of vitriol; warm the vessel with some lighted charcoal in a fireplace, or wherever there is a strong draught, to carry away the noxious vapors that will be copiously evolved. When these vapors have ceased rising, let the whole cool, and then stir the mixture with a glass rod to fish out the diamond. If you find it intact, it is a genuine stone; but, if it is false, it will be corroded by the hydrofluoric acid that has been generated

around it. A small 'paste' diamond will disappear altogether under this treatment."

The ruby is the next hardest thing in nature after the diamond. The finest rubies are found in the East Indies; and the King of Burmah takes one of his titles from them—that of the "Lord of the Rubies." In old times the ruby was considered to possess many magical properties. It was thought to be an amulet against poison, plague, evil thoughts, and evil spirits. The ruby depends upon its color for its value. The ruby, sapphire, and Oriental topaz, are composed identically of the same materials; the red sapphire is a ruby, the blue a sapphire, and the yellow ruby a topaz. They are all termed corundums, an Indian name. The finest rubies are found in Ava and Siam; they are also found in Ceylon and many parts of Europe.

In Burmah this gem is a royal monopoly, and none of any value are by law allowed to leave the kingdom. The finding of a fine ruby is made a state event, and a procession of grandees, with soldiers and elephants, are sent out to meet it. The color of the ruby varies from pale rose to deep red, but the tint that is most highly prized and valued is that of the "pigeon's blood." One of the largest rubies in Europe is a French crown-jewel, at one time adorning the Order of the Golden Fleece. The King of Burmah is said to possess a ruby of the size of a pigeon's egg. A true "pigeon's-blood" tinted ruby of one carat is valued at from seventy to one hundred dollars; of two carats, at three hundred dollars and upward; and four carats, from two thousand dollars and upward. The diamond of similar weight would be valued at prices but little more than half these rates.

The emerald is classed next to the diamond and ruby, and possesses a brilliant-green color. Emerald and beryl have the same chemical composition, and differ only in color. The finest-colored emeralds are found in New Granada, embedded in limestone-rock. It is also found in Salzburg and in Siberia. The Spaniards, it is asserted, came into possession of many hundred-weight of emeralds when they conquered Peru; hence their value fell in the middle ages. The emerald is but rarely found in perfect form. Perfect gems of this class are valued at from twenty to forty pounds the carat, but they do not, like the diamond and ruby, advance in price with the size.

There are many large emeralds in Europe. There is one in the Austrian treasury weighing two thousand carats; and the Duke of Devonshire possesses one weighing nine ounces.

The value of the beryl, or aqua-marine, is trifling. An enormous beryl has been found in this country weighing five tons!

The garnet has many varieties, and is found in many parts of the globe. When cut table-wise, convex and smooth at the top, and flat at the bottom, it is termed a caruncle.

There are a large number of what may be termed valuable rather than precious stones, which belong to the quartz system. Among these are amethyst, cairngorm, onyx, sardonyx, cornelian, chalcedony, agate, jasper, blood-stone, and rock-crystal. The onyx and sardonyx have long been used for cameos, and the value of the material is vastly enhanced by the art that is sometimes employed upon them. Some of the ancient cameos are very valuable. The art of engraving upon these stones has latterly greatly improved, and a taste has sprung up for fine cameos.

There are several kinds of opals, the chief of which are the precious, or "noble," opal, used by jewellers; the fire, or reddish, opal, the common opal, and the Mexican opal. When the different tints in an opal are distributed evenly over its surface, it is known in the trade as Harlequin. This is a rude way of designating the exquisite blending of hues which makes this jewel so beautiful. The iridescence is owing to minute lines on the surface of the gem which decompose the light, just in the same manner as they do in mother-of-pearl. The flashes of color in this precious stone are always most marked in a warm day; the knowledge that heat enhances the brilliancy of the stone always leads the dealer to hold it in his hand for some time before showing it to a customer.

Fine opals are very valuable. As much as one thousand pounds has been given for a large stone for a ring or brooch. The ancients prized them very highly; and Pliny relates that Nonnius, a Roman senator, was sent into exile by Marcus Antonius because he would not part with an opal of the size of a filbert, and valued at one hundred and seventy thousand pounds, which the latter coveted. The finest known opal is in the museum at Vienna, and is said to be worth thirty thousand pounds.

H. K. W. WILCOX

## TABLE-TALK.

THOMAS ARNOLD, the wise historian, remarks that, although the question of superiority of race is often raised in history, he was disposed not to believe in any superiority, but rather that the difference of capacity between races was so slight that a defect of discipline or an excess of self-confidence in a generation was often sufficient to neutralize the advantage which seemed to be possessed by one people in a contest with another people.

This was a very cautious way of expressing his doubt of the pretensions of successful nations. Just now it is well for us to watch the balance of justice in this question of race, and, notwithstanding the fact that Germany has had weight enough to make France kick the beam in the last trial of power, we are not to make our conclusions solely with reference to the might of Prussia and the weakness of France.

The question of superiority of race is not decided by a campaign; it is one which should include every representative historic manifestation of the people under consideration. What are the claims of the two great modern branches of the European family? and from what roots has modern civilization drawn the greatest nourishment? and what branches have borne the best fruit? On the one side are those nations comprised by the term Latin, on the other those comprised by the term Teutonic. This is the large division which presents itself as diverse in capacity, often in antagonism, but as the two great branches of the European family. The question of the superiority, claimed by each, cannot be simply stated and illustrated in favor of the one as opposed to the other. A conscientious and open mind would be compelled to change the question, and show cause for the skeptical and negative conclusion of the honest and erudite English historian to whom we have referred.

We do not admit that the question of superiority of race is involved in, or proved by, the issue of a war. War is the great historic means of announcing the transfer of power. But the fortunes of war are too fluctuating, victory too unstable, to constitute any one race as a body of the elect, commissioned to carry through the ages the standard of civilization. To sustain the enormous pretensions of a conquering race, history would have to show civilization uniformly supported by one branch of the human family, and carried triumphantly with it; whereas, in truth, history affords no support to such pretensions, for no historic race has been permanently invested with the purple. Power has had agents, not favorites, among the races of men. The movement of conquest among diverse peoples has been not unlike the come and go of ocean-tides, flowing hither and thither, at one epoch setting from the south, at another setting from the north—in one century carrying the Latin race over France and Britain and to the dense forests of Germany, then carrying Gothic hordes to the very temples of Rome; in one century surging up from Spain to overrun the Netherlands and threaten

England, in another surging back to the very gates of Paris; in one age overrunning Italy under Frederick Barbarossa, in another overrunning Europe under the first Napoleon. How short-sighted and unreasonable to claim superiority of race for Goth or Latin, when the historic record forbids any such invidious and vain conclusions! All history is against the pretensions of a superior race; and, in truth, no people is virtuous enough to be invested with the power that would be in the hands of an all-conquering race. If such a people existed in fact, they would attract to their civilization and absorb the weakest and most restless members of other social and political states, and the national character would be modified, if not transformed, by the influx of inferior people. And this we see in our own land. Our prosperity and power attract those Europeans who cannot compete successfully with their fellow-men at home.

In spite of the pretensions of Anglo-Saxon pride and of Teutonic stability, in spite of the boast of Gallic vaingloriousness, we do not assent to the dogma of a superior race; it is antidemocratic, and originates in the most stationary civilizations of the far East, and is a part of the hateful doctrine of caste.

That there are races, and peoples, and generations, and families, and men, happily formed for a particular work, and that they have fulfilled the obligations which accompany special talents or commanding genius, we do most assuredly believe. But these conditions are not permanent; these gifts or endowments are transient; there are epochs when the genius of a race seems to suffer an eclipse, when its special aptitudes are not equal to sustain the power transmitted from a former age.

The conditions of success are not constant in a family, generation, people, or race. Man takes possession of Nature with different hands, and civilization has no permanent and immutable home.

In one century superior men sail from Italy and Spain on perilous voyages, and for the conquest of new worlds; in another they sail from England and Holland—in the one case they represent Latin vigor and science; in the other, Teuton energy and skill.

When we lose sight of the largest and simplest divisions of the question of races, and look at the diverse nature and special function of different branches of the great European family, the impossibility of sustaining any such thesis as the superiority of one people, and the inferiority of another, is manifest by the fact that they do not naturally present themselves as greater or less, but as diverse, in contrast with each other, and as charged with a special task in the development of humanity.

— Within a few weeks two superb retail establishments—they are far too grand to be called shops, after the English fashion; or stores, after the American customary practice—have been opened in the upper part of this city. One is the brilliant jewelry palace of Messrs. Tiffany & Co., on Union Square; the other, the spacious new edifice of Messrs. Lord & Taylor, for dry-goods, at the corner of Broadway and Twentieth Street. Each of these structures is conspicuous for its

size and architectural effect, and each has been constructed and fitted up with a lavish outlay. They are surprising exhibits of the immense wealth that concentrates in these days into the hands of traders, and they are specially noteworthy as indicative of the growing taste in the community for the sumptuous and the elegant. If people were as willing to purchase their wares in cheap and insignificant shops, there would be no inducement to erect these trade-palaces. But they are not. Every purchaser seems to have a better appreciation of the style in which goods are displayed than of absolute economy, and hence there is every inducement to prompt ambitious traders to house themselves in palaces. But, no doubt, the community is animated with a sentiment beyond the mere pleasure of dealing in places where the surroundings are brilliant. Every one almost takes a personal pride in the architectural beauty which these structures contribute to our streets. In a city where we can have no grand public edifices, these individual efforts to give dignity and elegance to our promenades are highly appreciated. Every man, even if he never buys a yard of silk in his life, or remains all his days unfurnished with jewels, experiences a measure of gratitude for the men who have raised noble architectural piles for his admiration and pleasure. Then these great establishments are always something to show our country visitors. We should prefer to have a grand art-gallery, a genuine palace, a cathedral; but at present we have not. The latter we soon shall have; the art-gallery is hoped for; but the palace must always exist in dreams. We have, it is true, Central Park, fine enough for a palace garden; but for edifices we really have nothing to show, after a few churches and the theatres, but our traders' fine warehouses, and these are well worth visiting. There is Stewart's vast building, which is almost a city within itself; there are Tiffany's, and Ball, Black & Co.'s jewel show-rooms, glittering like Eastern palaces; there are Arnold, Constable & Co.'s spacious dry-goods house, and Lord & Taylor's new and dazzling establishment, not to speak of many other places where there are superb displays of the beautiful, the quaint, the antique, the ingenious, in articles of furniture and ornament.

— Merle, a French artist, of whom we give a specimen in the illustration, "A Young Love," accompanying this number of the JOURNAL, is a painter of the ideals of the studio; elaborate and often elegant; always expressing a sentiment of tenderness and beauty. His pictures are very agreeable, and sometimes charming. In fact, years ago he painted one of the most delightful of modern pictures; we refer to his "Good Sister," now in Belmont's Gallery. He is chiefly remarkable for the correctness and purity of his design, for the sweetness and melancholy of the expression of his faces. He does not represent reality, or rude Nature, but Nature subdued, as it were, to the soft disposition of his own being; it is this modification of fact, this toning of what may be harsh, that makes his work so pleasing; for it is done with consummate art. Of late years, however, he has lost much in art that he has gained in



fashion. The world corrupts all but the greatest artists—and yet corrupt is too strong a word. We should say society encourages mannerism and pays for the meretricious, so that the purest expression of sentiment in the latest works of a man of sentiment are apt to become an expression of sentimentality, which is a dilution of a true and delicate emotion—the feeblest *can can* of our social intercourse. Merle is a painter of women and girls, chiefly as typical of the virtues of life, as Charity, and Hope, and Love; or he goes to poetry, to Goethe's "Faust" and Shakespeare's "Hamlet," or the Bible, for his subjects. He treats all alike with consummate skill, often reaches the beautiful, and is recognized as an accomplished artist.

—To the interesting list of "Famous Trees," in our issue of December 3d, might have been added a magnificent ash-tree in front of Branzholm Castle, Roxburghshire, the largest of its species in Scotland. It was greatly damaged by the severe gale which swept over that district during the month of November, when several of its enormous and massive branches were blown to the ground. The giant ash has upreared its noble boughs for centuries in front of the old Buccleuch stronghold, and may have been planted before Sir William of Deloraine started on his midnight ride to Melrose, described by Sir Walter Scott in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." It was a familiar feature to the English borderers and moss-troopers of the olden time, and has, it is supposed, done frequent service as a gibbet for the captured foes of the bold Buccleuch.

### Literary Notes.

CONFIRMED spiritualists are probably too dearly wedded to their idols to listen to evidence calculated to overthrow their faith, but the large number of people who are staggered by the strange phenomena connected with so-called spiritualism are urged to peruse Dr. William A. Hammond's "Physics and Physiology of Spiritualism," just published. Dr. Hammond stands foremost in his profession in his treatment of diseases of the mind and the nervous system; his practice, his experience, and his studies, give whatever he may utter on questions relating to psychology the weight of great authority. In this little volume he gives an outline view of some of the causes which produce many so-called spiritual manifestations, and cites a vast number of cases occurring in his practice where people under diseased conditions of the mind have exhibited all the powers, excepting those of legerdemain, usually possessed by "mediums." And even tricks of legerdemain, such as those practised by the Davenport brothers, are shown to be entirely within the command of skilful operators. "A short time since," says Dr. Hammond, "I invited several medical and other friends to witness, in my library, some surprising spiritualistic exhibitions by a first-class 'medium.' The operator went through all the performances of the Davenport brothers, to the entire satisfaction of the audience. He was securely tied by a gentleman who had been an officer in the naval service, and who exhausted his strength and ingenuity in devising bands and knots; a screen was then placed in front of the 'medium,' and, in an instant, an accordion was played, a bell rung,

and a tambourine struck. The performer then requested that the screen might be removed, and, on this being done, he was found to be tied in precisely the same manner as at first. The gentleman who had bound him declared that not a cord or a knot had been interfered with. In a second attempt the 'medium,' tied with additional care, rang a bell, and was discovered intact in a second afterward. The 'rapping' of this gentleman was perfect, and he read communications from the dead, made on folded slips of paper, with a skill equal to that of the most orthodox and highly-gifted medium. The astonishment of the audience was great when he informed them that all his performances were deceptions, which he then proceeded to explain in the most satisfactory manner." This statement, made by Dr. Hammond, we have heard confirmed by those present on the occasion described. We cannot proceed in a brief note to review all the evidences that the author accumulates in proof that spiritual manifestations are invariably either the result of trickery or mental hallucinations arising from the condition of the brain or the nerves. Dr. Hammond tells us that he has witnessed "many spiritualistic performances, and has never seen a single one which could not be accounted for by the operation of some one or more of the causes specified. No 'medium' has ever yet been lifted into the air by spirits, no one has ever read unknown writing through a closed envelope, no one has ever lifted tables or chairs but by material agencies, no one has ever been tied or untied by spirits, no one has ever heard the knock of a spirit, and no one has ever spoken through the power of a spirit other than his own." (D. Appleton & Co., publishers.)

The conspicuous place in public attention Disraeli's novels have recently filled, has naturally freshened an interest in the elder Disraeli's works, new editions of which have recently appeared. The complete series of these miscellanies, comprising "Curiosities of Literature," "Amenities of Literature," "Calamities of Authors," "Quarrels of Authors," and "Literary Character of Men of Genius," making in all nine volumes, form certainly the richest collection of rare anecdote, dissertation, and essay, found in the language. "They have passed," says Mr. Disraeli in the preface to the edition of 1839, "through a remarkable ordeal of time; they have survived a generation of rivals; they are found wherever books are bought; and they have repeatedly been printed at foreign presses, as well as translated. These volumes have imbued our youth with their first tastes for modern literature; have diffused a critical and philosophical speculation among circles of readers who were not accustomed to literary topics; and, finally, they have been honored by eminent contemporaries who have long consulted them and set their stamp on the metal." If this may seem to assume too much in regard to these books at present, it scarcely overstates the facts when it was written. Readers may now, in the great pressure of new issues from the press, somewhat neglect these volumes; and yet, if there be any such, they can scarcely do better than to return to pages so varied, so animated, so rich in curious learning, so full of suggestion, example, and philosophy, as these. The American edition, from the press of W. J. Widdleton, of this city, is from the latest English edition, edited and accompanied with a memoir of the author by the Right Honorable Benjamin Disraeli, and is very handsomely printed on tinted paper. At this season, when there is much searching for suitable books as

holiday gifts, Disraeli's works would doubtless meet the want in many cases.

The Chevalier de Chatelain writes to *Notes and Queries* that he is the author of the verses predicting the fall of the French emperor on the 2d of September, attributed to "Nostradamus," which title he used as a striking *nom de plume*, and because it gave him a rhyme with the word *plus*. He says: "Since the *coup d'état* I have resided in England; and, having constantly studied the political parties who have 'strutted and fretted' their hour on the imperial stage of France, the result of my observations led to the prophecy in question. I should vote a *merle blanc* to whoever would be able to find any trace of the same in the real Nostradamus's work."

Two singular literary follies have been practised on Milton. There is a prose version of his "Paradise Lost," which was innocently translated from the French version of his epic! One Green published a specimen of a new version of "Paradise Lost" into blank verse! For this purpose he has utterly ruined the harmony of Milton's cadences by what he conceived to be "bringing that amazing work somewhat nearer the summit of perfection!"

The library of the late Professor Conington, comprising scarce editions of the Greek and Latin classics, works in theology, poetry, the fine arts, controversial writings, ecclesiastical biography and history, reviews, and foreign literature, will be disposed of by public auction at Oxford.

The *Gazetta d'Italia* is publishing in its *feuilleton* a good Italian version of "Lothair," under the title of "Lothair, Romanzo di Beniamino Disraeli."

### Scientific Notes.

#### The Eclipse Expedition.

AT the last session of Congress, an appropriation of thirty thousand dollars was made for the observation of the total eclipse of the sun, under the direction of Professor Benjamin Peirce, the superintendent of the United States Coast Survey. This generous act of legislation passed both Houses unanimously.

An officer was immediately sent to examine the various places, and obtain all the local information which might be required to select the most favorable positions for observation. The expedition has been divided into two parties, each of which consists of about twelve persons. One party is under the immediate direction of Professor Peirce, and will observe in Sicily; and the other is under the direction of Professor Winlock, the director of the Observatory of Harvard University, and will observe in Spain. Almost all the astronomers of the expedition were upon the central path of the great eclipse which occurred in America in August, 1869, so that they have already been under fire, and are prepared for the sudden outburst of the total obscuration.

The observations for precision will be intrusted in each party to an experienced officer of the survey, who will be upon the ground at least a fortnight before the eclipse. He will have the instruments all properly mounted and protected, the time well observed, and the arrangements made so that the principal observers of the physical phenomena may find every thing in readiness when they arrive. Their presence will not, therefore, be required

will within a few days of the eclipse. The officers upon whom this duty has devolved are Mr. Schott and Mr. Dean, assistants of the Coast Survey.

The spectroscopic observations have been chiefly arranged by Professor Winlock, assisted by Professors Young and Morton. New and peculiar methods have been prepared for preserving a record of the lines of the spectrum for subsequent measurement and discussion.

The photographic preparations are varied and original. The party of Professor Peirce will have photographic apparatus prepared by Mr. Rutherford, of New York, with lenses especially ground for the purpose under his direction by Fitz, of New York, and young Fitz will himself superintend this portion of the observations. The party of Professor Winlock will have its photographic apparatus prepared, under the directions of the professor, by Clarke, of Cambridge, and will use lenses ground by Clarke. Alvan Clarke, junior, will also assist in these observations. Professor Winlock's new method of photographing the sun through a long tube will be used in a portion of this class of observations. In both parties arrangements are made for long and short exposures in different instruments during the period of totality.

The polariscopic observations will be made by Professor Pickering in the party of Professor Winlock.

General observations of the corona will be made by as many of the party as possible, and it is hoped that Steinheil's hand comet-seekers will be especially available for this class of observation. Hand spectroscopes will also be used by several of the party, and it is hoped that in the preparations for this portion of the service material assistance will be derived from Mr. Lockyer's suggestions.

It is worthy of notice that two of the ablest officers of engineers of the United States Army have been detailed by the War Department to accompany the expedition. They are Major Abbott, whose name is familiar to hydraulic engineers through his connection with General Humphrey's monograph upon the Mississippi River, and Captain Ernst.

The discussion of the germ-theory of disease has lost somewhat of its vivacity, and the number of disputants who deny that diseases are occasioned by minute particles or germs floating in the air, and that health is promoted by keeping them out of our lungs, seems to have increased. A French anatomist, M. Béchamp, in a communication to the Academy of Medicine at Paris, shows that the human body is built up of infinitely small creatures, which he calls *microzymas*; that, when these are acting harmoniously, the body is in health, and all the fermentative processes go on regularly; and that, on the contrary, when they act inharmoniously, the fermentative processes are deranged, and ill-health is the consequence. If an egg is shaken violently, the microzymas therein contained are intermingled in a way different from that designed by Nature, and a chemical change takes place which alters the condition of the egg. The microzymas are not only ferments in themselves, but they produce those minute creatures which naturalists call bacteria, and they produce also cells; and these cells and these bacteria are capable of returning to the microzyma state. The disease among silk-worms was due to irregular action on the part of the microzymas; but M. Béchamp has shown by experiment that the fermentation in which the disease commences may be arrested by application of a mixture of creosote and phenic acid, and without harm to the true liv-

ing function. Taking advantage of this fact, certain medical men have used creosote and phenic acid with success in preventing or mitigating attacks of small-pox. After death, all organic matter must return to its original elements, and the microzymas are there to carry on the work of putrefaction. We thus see that the living animal contains in itself the essential elements of life, of disease, of death, and of total destruction. Hence, to accomplish these ends, we need not suppose the presence of living germs floating in the air. This is M. Béchamp's theory.

Professor Olmsted, some time since, announced the theory that the aurora borealis is due to the presence of nebulous matter, which is encountered by the earth in her annual journey round the sun, the light being caused by the friction of the earth's atmosphere in passing through this matter. If this be so, then the only difference between the aurora and the meteoric showers is that the one arises from diffused matter, and the other from matter concentrated into dense masses. The conclusion receives a partial confirmation in an experiment recently made by Mr. D. K. Wilder, of Toronto. He exposed a glass slide in a very elevated position during an auroral display, and, on examination with a powerful microscope, it was found to be partially covered with the well-known meteoric dust. The particles were spherical, and about one five-thousandth part of an inch in diameter—one-half the size of the human blood-globules.

## War Notes.

Count von Moltke.

THE precise place which General von Moltke will hold in military history is still perhaps uncertain. He has never yet, either in 1864, or in 1866, or in 1870, been opposed to a reasonably good tactician, an equal army, or a formidable strategist. Beating the Danes, when they had only muskets, was poor work; and Benedek, perhaps hampered by secret instructions, proved but a feeble opponent; while in France he has never met a strategist of any sort, and only once a general. We rather think, writing only as observant civilians, that on that occasion he was defeated, and that August 16th should be credited to Marshal Bazaine, who, had he had but powder, would have retained the honors of the day. But generalship must be judged by its results and judging by results no sovereign ever had such a servant as General von Moltke, who, having first reorganized an army in which no soldier had ever seen a shot fired, having formed a school of generals and remade the scientific services, so guided that army as in a campaign of seven weeks to strike down the Austrian empire, and then in a campaign of three months to subjugate the greatest of military monarchies. So far as close and scientific observers can detect, General von Moltke has been in this tremendous campaign the providence of the German army, has planned every thing, foreseen every thing, has never thrown away a life, and never missed a spring. His single brain has been worth a hundred thousand men, worth all Napoleon was to the French army, and on his seventieth birthday the King of Prussia makes his mighty general a count, promotes him one step in the social hierarchy—as it were in recognition *en passant* of sound advice lent to him—the king—in his management of the war. A few days afterward he makes two princes of his own blood, who doubtless have fought well and succeeded, but

who are nevertheless only efficient instruments in Von Moltke's hands, field-marsals, the superiors in the military hierarchy of the genius who has led them to victory and empire. In that realm of thought which of all others he understands, in the very moment of supreme triumph, with his whole soul subjected to the advice which yet he will not reward, the greatest prince in the world coldly and deliberately prefers to the claim of genius that of blood, and signifies to mankind that if his generals master earth, they remain his family servants still.

There is something gallant to men who believe that the tools should go to the workmen in such a distribution of honor, but while we protest, we are not blind to the strength manifest in such acts. They show that the terrible weakness of all new governments, the necessity of buying support, is absent from the Prussian monarchy. The state, and the king as its representative, have no need to conciliate any individual, not even the man who seems to work out victory as if it were a problem in the calculus. He is bidden to work it out, and what higher inducement could there be? Had a republic employed Von Moltke, it must have dreaded his ambition. Had he served Napoleon, Napoleon must have loaded him down with honors, and wealth, and territories, have filled him fat with spoil to bind him to his side, and even then must have dreaded in him a rival, a foe, or a successor. The king quietly admires and trusts. He has no need to bribe. He can be endangered by no rival, threatened by no enmity, undermined by no individual opponent. He is there, master by right of birth, in victory as in defeat, too strong for even the semblance of hostility, as far beyond assault as if his power were self-derived, able to acknowledge aid, or to reward high service, or to abstain from rewarding them, and sure, whichever he does, to be held to have acted as became a king. If he hangs up his worn-out sword in the place of honor, lo! what a gracious king; if he flings it away, lo! what a master of the severest statecraft. Von Moltke has done his duty, and what can king say more? It is difficult to read of this countship without a slight feeling of contempt for such niggardliness in the bestowal even of honors, or without a deep respect for the organization which is so strong that it need scarce be just to a soldier at whose name the fighting world grows pale.

### The Sergeant of the Fiftieth.

Out of blackened clouds of powder  
Gazed the moon upon the sight;  
Where had rolled the battle's thunder,  
Ere the coming of the night.  
An old sergeant of the Fiftieth  
To his general made report:  
"Present four; and I; all wounded;  
Praised be God, we hold the fort!"  
Weak and trembling were his accents,  
For his blood was almost spent;  
But the general asked him, gruffly,  
What this foolish trifling meant;  
Where his company was quartered.  
Turning to his comrades four,  
He made answer: "Pardon, general,  
Shot and shell have left no more."  
"These the mitrailleuse has spared us,  
Five poor wounded, these alone;  
Sharp and fierce the shock of battle,  
But the enemy are gone!"  
"Then return to your battalion,  
Comrade brave," the general said.  
"Pardon, general; here you see them—  
On the crimson sod are laid  
All the rest." The general murmured,  
Gnawing at his mustache gray

"Sorely my poor boys are beaten,  
Cursed be their task to-day!  
Still we took those murderous cannon;  
To your regiment repair."  
With low voice replied the sergeant:  
"Pardon, general; they are here."  
Seizing with his hand the sergeant's,  
Tears dissolved the general's pride.  
"God avert more such misfortunes!"  
In a quivering voice he cried.  
"Friends, the eagle which we followed  
And the flag, are they lost, too?"  
"Never!" and the bloody tatters  
From his breast the soldier drew!

#### Colonel Pemberton.

They have in Germany an illustrated weekly paper which, under the absurd title of the *Garden Bower*, gives its readers not only the best of literary food, but also views on politics, society, and religion, of the most advanced liberal tendencies. Since the beginning of the war with France it has, like most of its contemporaries, assumed the appearance of an illustrated chronicle of the war, and contains admirable reports by men of great ability, accompanied by sketches which frequently betray, if they do not actually contain, a master's signature.

Among the former we find a note of melancholy interest referring to the lamented author of "The Scapegoat," a novel full of promise and original thought. The Leo on the title-page of that fresh sparkling volume was Lieutenant-Colonel Pemberton, well known in Pall Mall as Kit Pemberton of the Guards, and endeared to literary circles by his brilliant wit, which served but as a thin disguise to the rare goodness of his heart. Animated by the brilliant success of Captain Hozier in the war of 1866, he engaged to furnish the *London Times* with reports from the scene of war, and upon the strength of all-powerful recommendations from the Home Office, he obtained letters from Count Bismarck to General von Roon, the head of the war and navy department, which gave him free access to headquarters and the privilege of roaming, unhampered, through camp and battle-field.

His youth excited naturally much comment in the Prussian camp, where colonels under fifty are rare, and men of seventy display inexhaustible activity in places of supreme command. He soon became known to the troops, now driving past: the long lines in his admirable travelling-carriage, now dashing by on his thorough-bred in the suite of Prince Frederick Charles, to whose staff he had attached himself, and now walking slowly along, with his thoughtful air, and note-book in hand. The tall, thin figure, with the gray felt hat, the hair in English fashion divided across the top of the head, and his snow-white linen exciting the envy of all military dandies, was everywhere saluted with silent respect, for he had won all their hearts, and the soldiers knew that he was ever anxious to state the truth and the full truth concerning their deeds and their endurance. At first his sumptuous outfit had called forth many a smile and a sneer. His carriages, containing a mattress that could be stretched out to full length, and an immense bathing-tub, excited much comment; the most wretched quarters were soon rendered comfortable by the two admirable servants who accompanied him, and the countless cunning contrivances stored away in and upon his coach, and English reserve looked at times like haughtiness and pride. Soon, however, his true character showed itself clearly, and when his two colleagues, the German author George Horn, and the painter Fritz Schulz, became well acquainted with him through a thousand acts of courtesy

and great kindness, for which they were indebted to him, he became universally popular. His quarters, with all the comforts they contained, were thrown open to all comers, and his heart never failed to sympathize with the wounded and suffering of both nations.

The fact—which soon became known—that he contributed his letters to the *London Times* as a mere act of courtesy, for which he received no compensation, contributed naturally largely to the respect in which he was held, and the numerous men of letters who in one or the other capacity accompanied the army esteemed in him the successful author. The very pride which he took in the success of his novel, and the pardonable vanity with which he spoke of its sale having reached two thousand copies before he left England, only endeared him the more to their hearts.

After having accompanied Prince Frederick Charles as far as Metz, Colonel Pemberton took leave of him in order to join the king's headquarters, and thus to become familiar with other parts of the grand army also. But unfortunately his brilliant career was cut short before he could carry out his plan and earn the laurels which he coveted so eagerly, and for which he labored so faithfully. With the astonishing news of the fall of Sedan, the capture of an emperor, and the surrender of an army the like of which had never yet been taken prisoner in the history of man, came also the sad account of Colonel Pemberton's death. He fell by the side of the Crown Prince of Saxony in the battle of the 1st of September, a ball from a Chassepot rifle having gone clear through his head. We say nothing of the grief which his death has caused in his native land among his own brethren—the heart knows its own grief. But the whole Prussian army mourned the loss of one whose brilliant *début* had held out such bright hopes for the future, and whose warm heart and tender kindness had made him countless friends among stern warriors and triumphant generals.

#### The Thrifty Hohenzollerns.

The immense, and, as it were, self-dependent strength of the Prussian monarchy is shown in nothing so clearly as in the way the Hohenzollerns have maintained the tradition of thriftiness in the bestowal of rewards. They have never had to buy anybody. From first to last, from the first king to the first emperor, the sovereigns of Prussia have been exceptionally independent within their dominions—have been as individuals wealthy, and have followed a bold, far-reaching, and ambitious line of policy. With territories little larger than Holland, and a country far less rich, they claimed and maintained a position among the mightiest potentates of the world, resented the faintest slight to an ambassador, and scarcely acknowledged precedence even in the Emperor of Germany. They have occupied precisely the position which tempts men to spend most lavishly, yet they have maintained for one hundred and fifty years, through six generations—in their official policy as in their household management—a tradition of thrift, pushed often to cheeseparing parsimony. One man in the line was a kind of Northern Bourbon, wasting wealth in sterile magnificence and coarse voluptuousness; but he did not break the tradition, and to this hour the Hohenzollerns are served better than any princes of Europe, and give their servants smaller rewards. Nobody in Prussia is paid any thing like the worth of his work. The whole aristocracy is drawn into the army by salaries which would disgust English bank-clerks, while the *élite* of the cultivated, men usually without means, are formed into an effective bureaucracy, and paid less than

English clergymen. A general is paid like an English captain, and a prefect like a superior clerk, while the majority of the bureaucracy, which initiates and directs and moderates all things in Prussia, which governs in the highest sense of that misused word, are compelled to practise an economy which English dissenting ministers or Scotch school-masters would deem painful. A rigid, unsparing economy pervades every department, and has so penetrated officials as to become a kind of point of honor, as if waste or even expensiveness were in themselves just a little discredit. To this hour, the king, who has become by successive accretions of wealth one of the richest princes in Europe—perhaps the richest in personal income—thinks it no shame to send to a city in distress, which he keenly desires to conciliate, five thousand thalers, or seven hundred and fifty pounds, and would feel genuine surprise if informed that the sum was not very great. In the midst of incessant battles with Parliament for money, the Schloss treasure—seven million pounds—has never been touched except for war, and the state commences a grand campaign, the greatest of our century, with a loan which London would take up at a bite and forget in a day. The extra amount of public money expended as yet in this war by Germany is not twenty million pounds, and though sixteen million pounds more were recently asked for, the departments have found time to reduce the demand to twelve.

A correspondent of the *Daily News*, who has been two months in Nancy, says the present French population of Lorraine is of a very lukewarm nature. They hate the Prussians almost to a man, but if Lorraine were eventually to be annexed to Prussia, there would be no attempt to revolt against foreign rule unless they were very harshly governed. The rich people would probably leave the country, as well as a few shopkeepers who have realized sufficient money to retire from business, but that would be the only protest that would follow annexation.

The damages sustained through the siege by private inhabitants of Strasbourg, as reported to the German authorities, exceed twenty million dollars. Many persons, moreover, omitted to make any return to the prefecture, in order to avoid recognizing the present rulers.

Frankfort bankers have offered to advance money to sundry French towns to enable them to bear the war burdens. This negotiation is countenanced by the Prussian Government.

M. Thiers and Count Bismarck are old acquaintances. In 1862, during Count Bismarck's short stay in Paris, they saw each other frequently, and were on very friendly terms.

#### Miscellany.

##### The Caudine Forks.

THE great capitulations recorded in history have generally preceded the break-up and humiliation of some once great, but then effete or exhausted nation; but occasionally, as in the case of the Caudine Forks, they have aroused all the energy of the defeated nation, and have been followed by swift and complete revenge. The disaster of the Caudine Forks was one of those early misfortunes (891 B. C.) which turned the Romans to steel, and made them the invincible conquerors they soon after became. Their foes, the Samnites, were a warlike people, the Kabyles of Italy, who, living in natural fortresses on the higher Apennines



to the north of Naples, hoarded their corn and wine among their beech-woods and ravines, despising the feeble folk of Latium and Campania, who had bent before the eagles of the children of Romulus. The second Samnite war, according to Niebuhr and Arnold, broke out almost immediately before the death of Alexander the Great, who, in subduing the great decayed empire of Persia, was but acting as pioneer to the obscure nation of whom he had probably hardly heard even the name. In their fifth campaign the Romans, determined to subdue all neighboring nations, invaded Samnium from the Campanian or south side of the Apennines. To draw the Romans into the dangerous defiles that lead from the plain of Naples to Benevento and the high valleys of the Apennines, Caius Pontius of Telesia, the Samnite general, spread a report that his army had marched into Apulia. The Romans at once drove straight at the mountain-passes. At Caudium, a gorge (according to Niebuhr) between Ariezio and Arpaia, through which runs the present road from Naples to Benevento, the consuls' four legions and a force of auxiliaries (probably), at least seventeen thousand men, when all told, found themselves hemmed in. The Samnites had surrounded them, they were in a trap from which there was no escape. Every path on the hill was blocked and guarded; the Samnites repelled the desperate maddened rushes of the first despair, then waited for famine to do its work. The Romans, after many hopeless fights and great butchery, laid down their swords, gave up six hundred young Roman knights as hostages, and agreed to surrender every foot of Samnite territory. The captive Romans said:

"Put us to the sword at once, sell us as slaves or keep us as prisoners till we are ransomed, but save our bodies, whether living or dead, from all unworthy insults."

The Samnite general, a man not without Greek culture, having, indeed, it is said, known Plato, was generous. He required only that the Roman army should, according to the usual Roman custom, pass under the yoke. Through a gateway of spears the downcast Romans had to walk, each man naked all but his kilt. Even the consuls were stripped of their paludamenta, or war-cloaks. In all else Pontius the Samnite proved chivalrous and generous; he ordered wagons for the sick and wounded, and gave the dejected soldiers bread enough to last them till they came within sight of Rome.

The released men stole into the discomfited city at nightfall, and would neither speak nor be comforted. The great-hearted, proud people were deeply wounded at their disgrace; all citizens put on mourning, the knights and senators took off their golden rings, stripped their togas of the purple borders which marked their rank, and all festivals and ceremonies were suspended till they could be held in a year of better omen. But the proud, pugnacious Romans lost no time in trying to win back their tarnished honor. They sent back the released men stripped and bound, and marched an army into Apulia. In the third Samnite war the stubborn enemy of fiery Rome was forever subdued, and in 464 B. C. (after nine campaigns) the rugged Samnites became at last dependent allies of that growing power, fortified on the Seven Hills above the Tiber.

#### The Chinamen.

A common Chinaman has no other idea of life than to work steadily, do his own cooking, washing, ironing, and mending, and spend a great deal less than he earns. His father and all his ancestors, as far back as to the time of Aaron or of Abraham, had no other idea of

life. A hut, a few yards of cloth, a double handful of rice or wheat, a slice of pork, a frying-pan, and a strip of rush matting for a bed—these are what he is born to, and with these, in his own land, he expects to die, and die content. When he comes to America, his simple aim is to lay up a small sum of money on which he can live at ease when he goes back. I saw a miner, fifty-two years old; he looked thin and worn, as though he had never known any thing but steady toil and rough fare. He has been here five years, and has three hundred dollars in gold. Last Monday he took the steamer to Canton. He will go home to his wife, and be a man in easy circumstances the rest of his days. They make no eight-hour protests; they have no strikes; they cannot understand what a trade-union means. They will work for fifty cents till they hear of some man who gives sixty. Then they go to work for him till they know of a chance to make seventy-five. They have no bar-rooms; they drink no strong drink; they do not fight, or curse, or break things. But they love to smoke in the evening, and it amuses them greatly to throw a pile of little brass coin, ten of which make a cent, on the middle of a table, and bet that, when the heap is counted off, it will turn out odd. Some bet a dime that it will count out odd, as twenty-seven or thirty-one. Others bet twenty-five cents that the count will be even. I did not see anybody bet over twenty-five cents, but I was told that late at night they grow reckless and bet their pipes and their clothes, all their tobacco, and at last a wife. But the class of gamblers is not large. Most of them, after work, cuddle down by a little fire, where rice and the legs and head of a hen are boiling, and chatter about the day's work, about what some other miner or laborer has found, about what some wicked "Melican man" has done, about home, and having their ashes carried back to China to sleep beside the bones of their ancestors and under the grim smile of some ancient wooden god. Presently the chatter lulls away, the little rush beds are spread, and Chang-Ty, in dreams, is far away in the Flowery Land. But, with daylight, he ties up the little roll of rush carpeting, lays it on a shelf, eats a cup of boiled wheat and sucks a chicken-wing, and anon the pick, with slow but unceasing swing, is hacking into the bank; the barrows are filled, the planks are handled, the rails are spiked, and the work goes on as fast as though pushed by Irish muscle or American nerve.

#### Robert Southey.

His habits were most laborious in respect of mental exertion. I suppose there was scarcely any portion of the day when he was not reading or writing, except the hours for sleep and meals. To this constant and excessive exercise of brain, the final decay of his mental faculties has been partly attributed. He had not, like many other intellectual men, any favorite amusement, totally unconnected with literature, which could serve him as a relaxation; he did not work in his garden; he did not indulge in field-sports; and, though he was regular in his walks, the mere contemplation of Nature was not a sufficiently absorbing pleasure to divert his mind from thoughts connected with his literary labors. He was not, indeed, indifferent to the charms of outward Nature; but I doubt whether the love of it was strong enough in him to afford him positive relaxation. Indeed, at one time of his life he precluded himself from the possibility of such relaxation, by reading during his walk. In later life, when walking by himself, he used to limit his distance by a particular milestone, which I have seen him touch with his stick

when he reached it. He was always a shy, reserved man, inasmuch that I think he could scarcely have enjoyed himself in society. Though probably not indifferent to praise, he did not like to receive a compliment, at least not in a mixed company, and would answer it with no further acknowledgment than a grunt. Perhaps it would have been well for Southey, if his life had been less that of a recluse. For, had he mixed more with his fellow-men, such intercourse, besides modifying his natural shyness, would have rendered him less bitter in his writings against those whose political views differed from his own, and perhaps might have sharpened his argumentative powers, which certainly do not show to advantage in most of his publications. It is strange that a man so amiable and affectionate in private life should be so severe in print; but such are the inconsistencies which we occasionally see in human nature.

#### The Voyagers.

(From the San Francisco News-Letter.)

From the depths of the Unknown,  
From the bosom of the Throne,  
All these countless millions come.

Launched out into childhood's sea,  
Charged with joy and misery,  
Struggling for supremacy.

Bearing in their childish eyes—  
In their quaint though apt replies,  
Great unfathomed mysteries.

Onward come with youthful years,  
Grander hopes and darker fears,  
Interspersed with smiles and tears.

Gliding into fancy's realm,  
With no hand to guide the helm,  
Passions oftentimes overwhelm.

When life's labor doth begin,  
Some to honor, some to sin,  
Rapidly are ushered in.

Some will care for naught but pleasure,  
Some will strive for worldly treasure,  
Some seek glory in full measure.

Some will journey, ever singing,  
Radiant hearts about them clinging,  
Glorious fruits thus homeward bringing.

Some from their abundant store  
Will so help the sorrowing poor,  
That they'll hunger never more.

Year by year will pass away,  
Bringing age and slow decay,  
Bringing locks of silver gray.

Then the shadows slowly lengthen,  
Strangely then the pathways darken,  
As with eager souls they hearken

To the rustlings in the air,  
To the last adieu of care,  
To the pastor's parting prayer,

To the whispering from the river,  
To the heart's instinctive quiver,  
To the voice, "I will deliver."

Then the soul, on angel's wing,  
Seeks for life's eternal spring—  
Seeks the new awakening.

Hears the greeting from the Throne,  
"O my child, well hast thou done!  
To thy Father's mansion come."

#### More frank than polite.

The following story is from the New Orleans *Picayune*: A handsome youth of eighteen a few days since appeared before a magistrate to be married, accompanied by a sombre-looking female, middle-aged, and dressed in black. "Is this lady your mother?" inquired the magistrate.

"Oh, no, sir! this is the lady I desire to

marry," replied the youth, as the lady drew aside her veil, disclosing a countenance wrinkled and sore, but on which, for the moment gleamed a sort of icy smile.

"But are you of age?"

"Not yet; but this lady is my guardian."

The magistrate was in a quandary. "Isn't this rather a strange union?" he asked.

"Not at all," replied the expectant bride.

"I have a large amount of property which I desire to leave this young man. As I have relatives who might dispute the will were I to give it to him as a legacy, I prefer to marry him."

"And you are content to marry this woman for her money?" asked the justice.

"Well, I shouldn't marry her for any thing else!" frankly replied the boy lover.

#### Two Girls.

All alone in the old grand room,  
'Mid silken curtains and splendid gloom,  
A girl in her beauty sighs.  
The softened light of the chandeliers,  
Missing her diamonds, seek the tears  
That stand in her wistful eyes.

All alone by the castle-walls,  
Where hardly a ray of starlight falls,  
A girl is crouching in dread.  
She dares not beg of the churlish wight,  
Guarding the portal in livery bright,  
Even a crust of bread.

A gay cavalier comes riding along,  
Carelessly humming an amorous song—  
Will he toss her a silver crown?

No. His thoughts are filled with his new  
love's face,  
As he hurries past the familiar place,  
And canters on to the town.

"Oh, for a morsel of food!" one groans;  
"If he but loved me!" the other moans—  
She comes from a race of earls.  
The beggar outside is not starving alone;  
Father in heaven, who lovest Thine own,  
Pity these hungry girls!

#### Varieties.

HERE is a quaint anecdote from the biography of Dr. Marshall Hall: Dr. Wilkins had lent Dr. Hall the well-known book, "Body and Soul," and, as it was not returned in due time, he sent this note: "Dear doctor, do send back my body and soul; I cannot exist longer without them." The servant who received the note read it (as servants sometimes will), and, horror-stricken, rushed into the kitchen, crying, "Cook, I can't live any longer with the doctor!" "Why, what's the matter?" "Matter enough," replied the man; "our master has got Dr. Wilkins's *body and soul*, and I don't dare to stay where there are such goings-on!"

Two ladies in New York were talking about the sparrows and their usefulness in ridding the city of the canker-worms, which used to be such a nuisance. One said that the noisy chirping of the sparrows early in the morning, when she wanted to sleep, was as great an evil as the worms; the other disagreed. Just then a gentleman came in, and was appealed to: "Mr. A—, which do you think the worst—sparrows or worms?" He immediately answered: "I don't know; I never had sparrows."

One of the queens of song, an *artiste*, who in almost all European languages has sung on the lyric stages of Italy, Spain, England, France, Germany, Russia, etc., Pauline Viardot Garcia, is about to visit London to resume her professional career. Her fortune has been sacrificed by the war in France, of which country her husband is a native.

The Commissioner of Mining Statistics gives the product of precious metals in the United

States last year at \$63,500,000, distributed thus: California, \$20,000,000; Nevada, \$14,000,000; Oregon and Washington Territory, \$4,000,000; Idaho, \$7,000,000; Montana, \$12,000,000; Colorado and Wyoming, \$4,000,000; New Mexico, \$500,000; Arizona, \$1,000,000; other sources, \$1,000,000.

It is a curious coincidence that Louis XIV. of France took Strasbourg by assault from the Germans on the 28th of September, 1681, and that it surrendered to the German forces under General Werder exactly one hundred and eighty-nine years after, on the same day of the month, the 28th of September, 1870.

Mr. Dickens disliked the necessity of blotting his manuscript in the progress of composition, and, on finding that a certain make of blue ink dried almost immediately after it left the pen, he invariably used that kind ever after; and thus began the fashion for blue among London journalists.

There is said to be a large accumulation of nickel and copper cents in the post-offices throughout the country. In Louisville, for instance, the postmaster reports one hundred thousand of them. The whole number of such coin now held by the several post-offices will probably reach forty million cents.

Some clever fellow has manufactured handkerchiefs upon which a map of the seat of war in Europe is stamped. They have proved an immense success, everybody wishing to poke his nose into the seat of conflict without personal danger.

When a steady, well-behaved young man is seen shaking hands with a pump, and bidding it an affectionate good-night, or saying, "Poor old Corbison Robacerew," there may be a faint apprehension that he has been "taking something."

The coolies taken to work on a railroad in Texas, a short time since, have not been successful. After an ineffectual attempt to compete with the brawny sons of the Emerald Isle, they were compelled to give up and engage in cotton-picking.

#### ON A HAPPY COUPLE.

They live like dog and cat, do Jack and Kitty,  
And everybody knows it, more's the pity;  
Kitty's rampaging, like that Mrs. Gargery.  
"Charming ménage!" cries dinner-loving Fred.  
Says truthful Tom, "What's that you just now said?  
'Charming ménage!' Egad, you mean menagerie!"

George Francis Train made thirty-four speeches in Marseilles in eleven days. Long before he got through, the mayor, at the earnest request of the inhabitants, telegraphed the Prussians to come on immediately and take the place.

The Pennsylvania Railroad is "stone ballasted." For hundreds of miles, as, like a rapid stream, it flows from beneath your feet, it resembles the paved streets of a city. There is no sign of earth upon it, and dust is a thing unknown.

Newark, New Jersey, is to have the finest Catholic cathedral in the country, larger than the one in New York, and to take twelve or fifteen years in building, and to be of brown-stone and Aberdeen granite.

A newspaper article has been going the rounds of the press, headed, "Where is your Boy at Night?" A brilliant urohin suggests the propriety of another article, inquiring, "Where is the Old Man at Night?"

A reason which a philanthropist gives for "sparing the noble red-man" is, that we should lose the pleasantest part of our years, if we hadn't the "Indian some'ers" (summers).

Why is a drunkard hesitating to sign the pledge like a skeptical Hindoo? Because he is in doubt whether to give up the worship of the jug or not.

"Never mind the obituary, judge," said a Montana culprit when the court became pathetic in pronouncing the sentence. "Let's fix the time for the funeral."

There will be fifty-three Sundays 'n the year 1871, the year beginning and ending on Sunday. It ought to be a good year and a happy one.

A ton of burglars' tools to one hundred and fifty pounds of burglar have been captured this year by the Philadelphia police.

The principal occupation of the "girl of the period" is said to be to sit at the window and watch for the "coming man."

Railways are aristocratic. They teach every man to know his own station, and to stop there.

A sharp young fellow says, "If time is money" he is willing to exchange a little of his for cash.

New-York dealers receive a million quarts of milk a day, which they expand to a million and a half.

Barbecue is derived from the French phrase *de barbe à queue*, which means, from snout to tail, and is equivalent to "the whole hog."

The latest venture in rural New-York journalism is called the *Sandy-Hill Saw-mill*. The editor expects to get his board out of it.

The Bavarian mitrailleurs fire three hundred and sixty bullets a minute, and are fatal at two thousand paces' distance.

English cities whose mayors are blessed by the birth of children during their term of office present them with silver cradles.

Napoléon-le-Sédantaire is a nick-name applied by the French to the prisoner of Wilhelmshöhe.

Stars are clearly the best astronomers, because they have studied the heavens since the Creation.

It is considered to be cool to take a man's hat with his name written in it, simply because you want to get his autograph.

*Punch* says that in some parts of England the water is so hard that skating on it is kept up all through the summer.

A greenhorn of inquiring mind asks, What is the difference between a screw-driver and a screw-propeller?

They tell of a man out West whose hair is so red that he has to wear fly-nets over his ears to keep the candle-moths from flying in.

When riding a donkey what kind of fruit do you represent? A pear.

Bret Harte is a native of Albany, New York.

There are at least ten thousand species of flies east of the Rocky Mountains.

Two thousand Chinamen have come across the continent.

A dangerous character—a man who takes life cheerfully.

According to the articles of war, it is death to stop a cannon-ball.

A goat is good as a milker, but succeeds better as a butter.

It is objected to a morning paper that it is two-cents-ational.

Advice to surgeons—keep your temper, or you'll lose your patients.

Before a man enters the state of matrimony he should ring the bells.

French agents are buying cattle in Iowa.

A rising man—the balloonist.

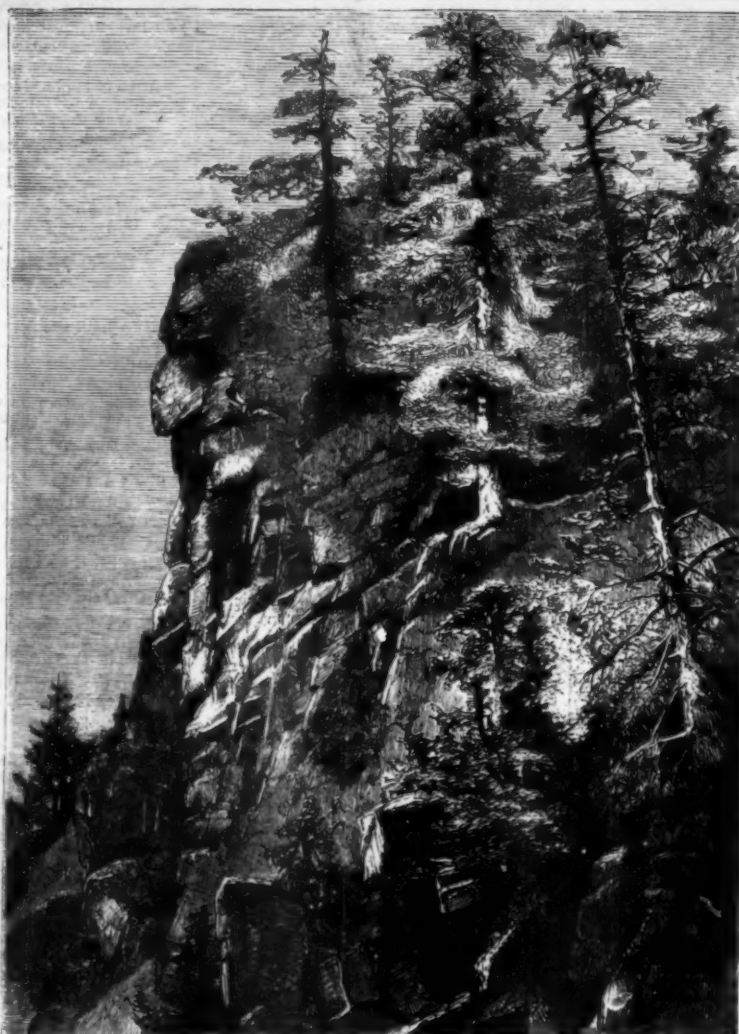
#### The Museum.

AMONG all the beautiful valleys for which the Thuringian Forest is so justly celebrated, by far the most charming in its wild, almost weird grandeur is the Dithartz, or Schmellwassergrund. It lies in the dukedom of Coburg-Gotha, in the northwestern part of

the mountains, and is one of those rich valleys that spread themselves fan-like up to the highland.

Set with picturesque, rocky groups, interlined with bright, sparkling rivulets, these valleys form one of the most exquisitely-beautiful regions in Europe; but the gem of them all is the Schmallwassergrund, which rises from old Tempach to Falkenstein.

It possesses that character of sweet poetical melancholy which can only be fully appreciated by those who are obliged to be the companions of their own elevated thoughts, and who, misunderstood, disregarded, and despised, by their fellow-men, find in these mountain retreats, where no human habitation is to be seen, the sympathy of an intense solitude. Just at the entrance of the Schmallwassergrund, when you take the beautiful road that leads to Falkenstein and the pastoral Oberhof, there is a most singularly-shaped rock, for, at an elevation of about twenty or thirty metres, it shows a projecting human face, which bears in profile a



The Napoleon Rock.

most striking resemblance to his majesty the Emperor of the French. It is strange that the operation of natural causes should have produced as grotesque a picture for the features of Napoleon are so strikingly portrayed—naturally in caricature rather than in ideal form—that the spectator can with difficulty believe that it is the product of the elements alone.

It is more than a simple profile likeness, which rises in colossal dimensions. The eye, with its half-drooping lids, the compressed lips, shaded by the up-turned mustaches; in short, every line which expresses in the features of the emperor the resignation and firm energy which characterize him are fixed in this stone image.

Our illustration shows this Napoleonstein, as it is called by the people, and is from a photograph by an artist of Gotha.

Whatever may be Napoleon's merits or demerits, Nature has certainly erected to him, in this remote valley, a monument which will continue when his name has been long forgotten among men.

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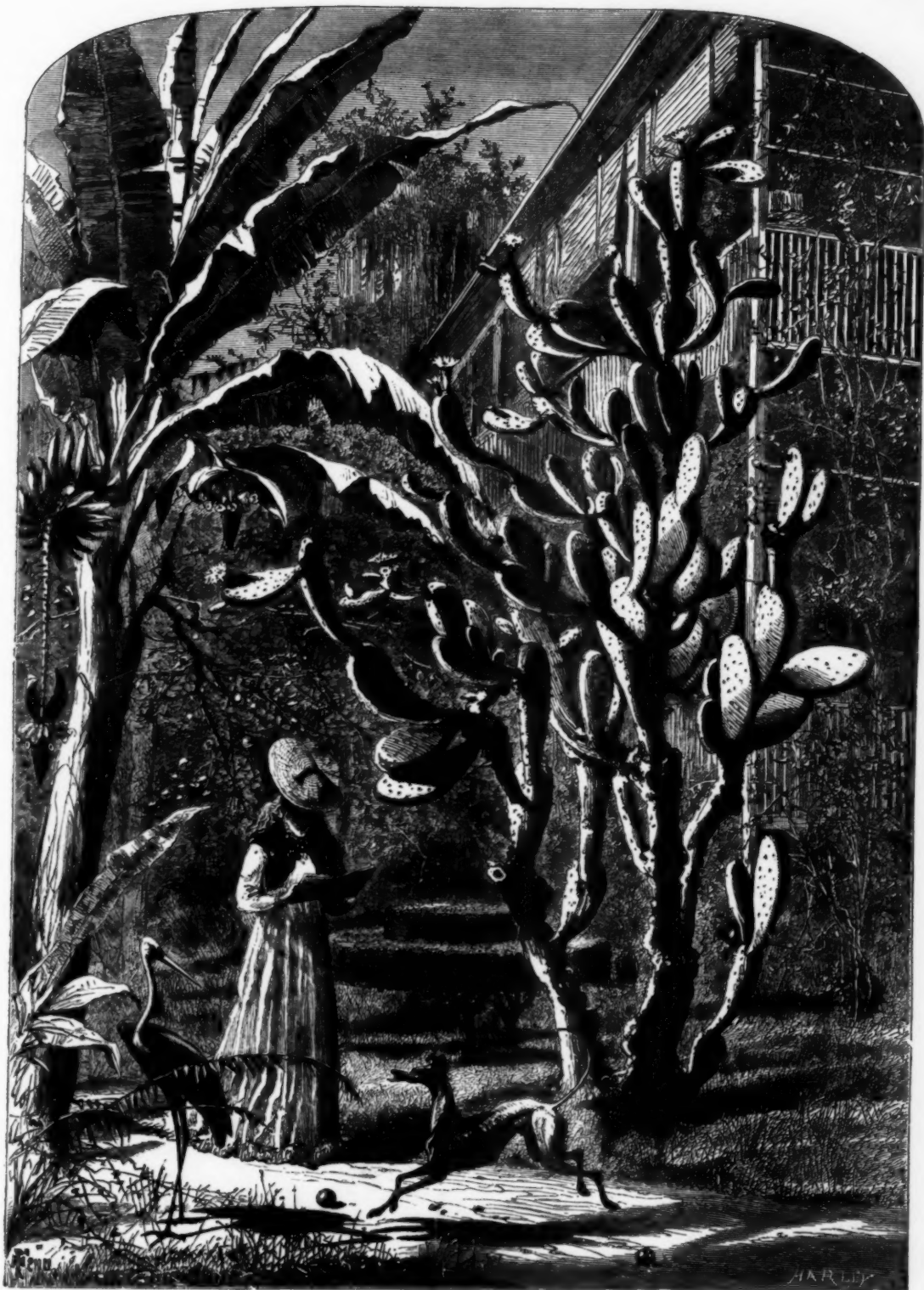




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